

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

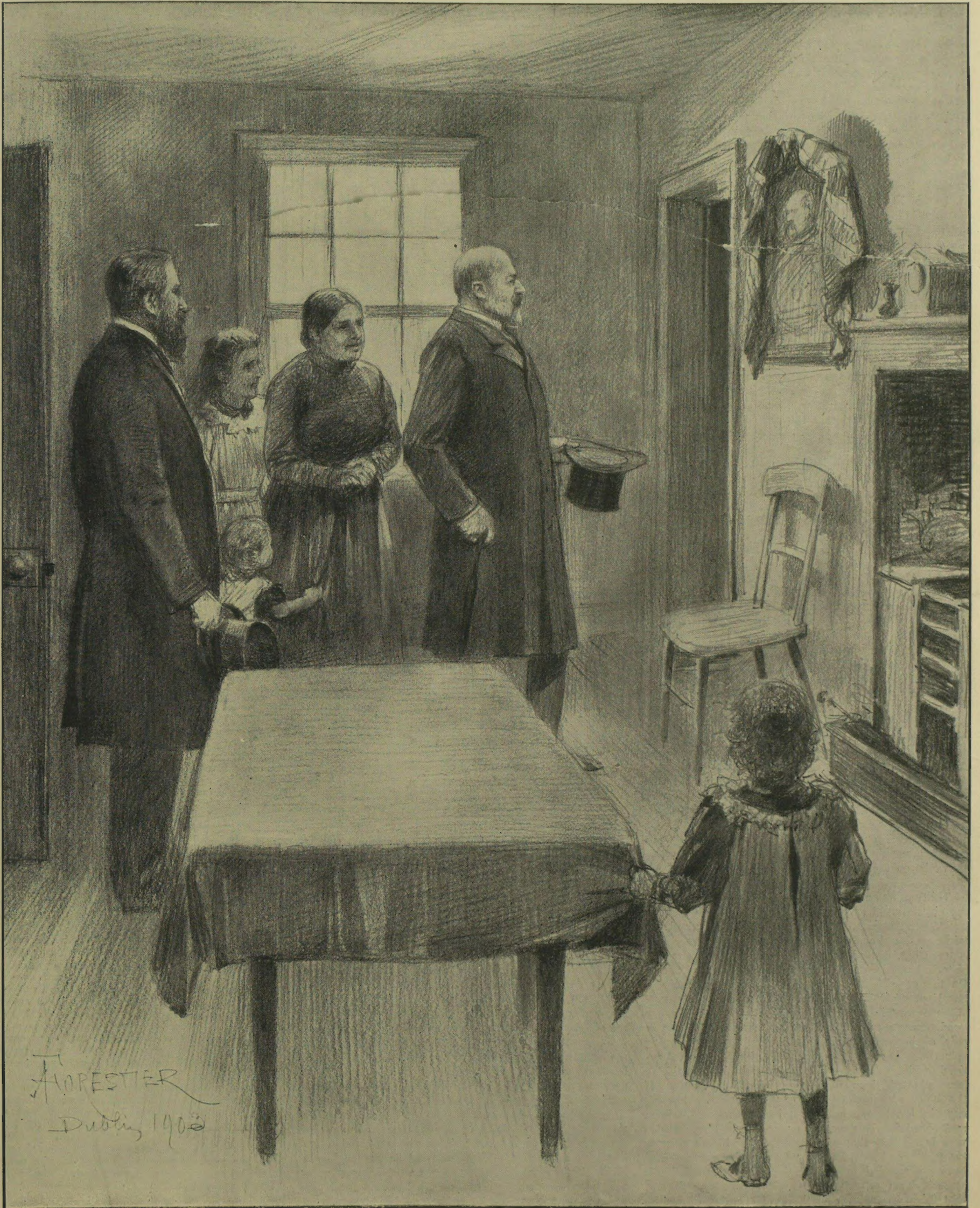
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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THE KING'S INTEREST IN THE HOUSING OF THE IRISH POOR: HIS MAJESTY VISITING A TENEMENT DWELLING IN THE POOREST QUARTER OF DUBLIN.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN DUBLIN.

*During his memorable visit to the Dublin tenements, his Majesty was greatly interested in seeing a portrait of himself from an illustrated paper which had been preserved and framed by his humble hosts.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Those Irish corporations which found it inconsistent with their principles to present addresses to the King and Queen have suffered an eclipse of their shining punctilio. Addresses in plenty have been showered upon the Sovereigns by the spontaneous goodwill of the Irish people. The old woman who rushed through the line of soldiers, and seized the Queen's hand, made a more impressive figure than the Lord Mayor of Dublin. When the Irish bard tunes his lyre, which will he find the more inspiring theme, the King's visit to the carpenters and cobblers in their tenements, or the Lord Mayor's refusal to bid him welcome? If Mr. W. B. Yeats should write a ballad on that notable incident, would it draw a tear of national pride from the eye of Dark Rosaleen? That poetical damsel has been visiting Westminster. She has sat in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, beaming through the lattice on Mr. George Wyndham. It was Mr. Healy, I think, who was first conscious of her unwonted presence, and bore witness that she smiled graciously on the English Minister who sought to give agrarian peace to Ireland. I am willing to believe it; but it is difficult to believe also that she flitted straightway to Dublin to shed the light of her legendary countenance on Lord Mayor Harrington.

Dark Rosaleen, as Mr. Justice McCarthy reminds us, is the impersonation of Ireland in the poetry of Clarence Mangan. She is the first flower of the earth, and the first gem of the sea; but she can maintain this character without a parchment certificate from the Dublin Corporation. She is not only a lyrical, but also a shrewd young woman, and she has discerned that, to be constitutional Sovereign of Ireland, King Edward need not wait for the opening of an Irish Parliament with Mr. Harrington's trumpets. With all respect to Mr. McCarthy, I think that Mangan was a little extravagant when he wrote: "And you shall reign, shall reign alone, my dark Rosaleen." That smacked of divorce from another island, not so gem-like and flowery, but a substantial, well-meaning, if occasionally blundering partner. The King's visit to Ireland is a symbol that the partnership is entering upon a new lease, for which, indeed, the less romantic island is paying rather handsomely. That transaction was not contemplated by the poet; but his Dark Rosaleen is quite alive to it, although she may think it no more than her due. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," sang another Irish bard, figuring his country's charms, but not anticipating that they would be decked profusely by the British taxpayer, who is not considered worthy of a ballad. But Dark Rosaleen, I hope, will favour him at least with her esteem.

Mr. Lang has been complaining of the well-to-do persons who will not buy books. Any literature they want is borrowed from a circulating library, and is chiefly fiction. When Mr. Lang broods over the flood of novels which covers the land, he smites the face of the waters, and girds at the memory of Scott. But for the hand that wrote "Waverley" we might all be sedately buying Mr. Lang's excellent "History of Scotland," or the *Cornhill* which contains his latest version of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Cock Robin, in this case, is Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who had the misfortune to be contemporary with Titus Oates. Who caught his blood? Lots of historians have done that, and Mr. Lang is doing it all over again with grace and dexterity. If Sir Walter had not turned the public head with novels about ninety years ago, we should all be eagerly waiting for more news of the murdered Godfrey. Who saw him die? The question is still interesting, and yet there is no popular craze for works on the subject.

Thirty years ago Mr. Herbert Spencer remarked that the circulating library played havoc with the sale of books. In America, he said, the library system had not taken root, and books were sold in large editions. This is true; but, according to Mr. Howells, they are mostly historical novels. Again the malign influence of Scott! On the other hand, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has been pushed in America with an energy and persistence rare in the annals of book-selling. No dry goods store was without it. No citizen could buy a pair of braces without shouldering those entrancing volumes. In this country they have been advertised with a moving eloquence which is said to have planted them in half a million households. If that be even approximately correct, I should say that our capacity for the purchase of serious literature has been mortgaged for the next two generations. I sympathise with Mr. Lang; but why throw all the blame on poor Sir Walter? If Mr. Lang's "Gowrie Conspiracy" had been commended to us like the "Encyclopædia"; if we had been warned that precious time was flitting, that there was only a month, a week, a day to acquire this treasure; if that last day had been announced in the advertisement columns as if it were the crack of doom, after which salvation without a copy of the "Gowrie Conspiracy" was impossible—then the people might

have clutched Mr. Lang's classic to fevered bosoms with the energy of despair. This seems to be the only way to sell serious works nowadays.

In the free library they are not much sought after, and Mr. H. G. Wells is inclined to attribute this to the "higgledy-piggledy" state of the catalogue. To be sure, the librarian might repair the neglect of advertising publishers. He might insert slips, printed blood-red, in the catalogue, and make them run like this: "Have you an immortal soul? If so, why starve it? Why not assuage its celestial hunger and thirst by reading Mr. Lang's 'Gowrie Conspiracy'?" Or thus: "Beware of Sir Walter Scott! Once lost in his forty volumes, you may never find your way to serious reading and Mr. Lang. O, think of this now! To-morrow it may be too late." A student may call the librarian's attention to a passage in the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer, where that philosopher dismisses the tale of Gowrie, together with the career of Napoleon, as unworthy of grave meditation. But the librarian will point out that Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote this in his haste thirty years ago, before he was enlightened by Mr. Lang.

The state of the catalogue, in the judgment of Mr. Wells, inclines every patron of the free library irresistibly to fiction. The intelligent mechanic can make naught but "a pitiful mental hash" of the studies which he is invited to pick out of a "bran pie." "Serious subjects," proceeds Mr. Wells, "are not to be read in this wild disorderly way. But fiction can be. A novel is fairly complete in itself, and in sticking to novels, the public library readers show, I submit, a better literary sense and a finer intellectual feeling than the muddle-headed, review-inspired, pretentious people who blame them." What does Mr. Lang think of that? Or has he put Mr. Wells on his Index Expurgatorius, along with the author of "John Inglesant," Mr. Benjamin Kidd, and other writers whom it is his glory not to have read? Or does it soothe him to reflect that, although his "Gowrie Conspiracy" is neglected by the intelligent mechanic, "The Disentangled" mayhap is read in a "wild disorderly way"? It deserves that treatment, being a notable exercise of reckless buoyancy. I daresay the mechanic grows delirious over Mr. Wells's "War of the Worlds," but will keep a respectful distance from his philosophical treatises on what he calls the New Republic, even when the catalogue is reformed.

Many thousands of years ago, in what geologists call the Quaternary Period, a gay young rhinoceros set out from Siberia on his travels. In our day, animals of his quality never leave their native jungles except to adorn the "Zoo" or the Jardin des Plantes. But the Quaternary rhinoceros roamed whither he pleased. It took his fancy to cross Europe, and visit our island, which was not an island then, but a mere corner of the European Continent; so when he arrived at Calais, there was no question of swimming or waiting for the steamer, but he simply strolled across to Dover, and thence by easy stages to Charing Cross. Nobody appears to have asked him for a passport; no official, armed with a flint instrument, barred his progress. More singular still, the native beasts did not hold conclave at Westminster and pass an Alien Immigration Act, unfriendly to such a visitor. Perhaps his size and fighting weight made him too formidable a subject for repressive legislation. At any rate, he seems to have arrived safely in Fleet Street.

Of what happened to him there we have no precise record. In the fullness of time he may have died a natural death, his last moments comforted by visions of his Siberian home. Or his end may have been violent. I have a suspicion that he was taken for a Russian emissary, Russia having a mind just then to expand in this direction, not foreseeing that our mere corner of the Continent would become an island. A vigilance committee of prehistoric bulldogs may have worried him into his grave, although the excellent state of his remains, which have been discovered under the premises of the *Daily Chronicle*, do not suggest any organised picking of his bones. He is, in short, a well-nigh perfect fossil. I understand that he has provoked jealousy in Fleet Street. It is rumoured that excavations have been started in Printing House Square with the idea of unearthing the gigantic frame of a mammoth. In Peterborough Court it is confidently predicted that a perfect specimen of the British Lion will be found embedded in clay underneath the offices of the *Daily Telegraph*. Meanwhile, I attach no importance to the tale that the head of an ostrich has been dug out of Bouverie Street. What fossils of our own period are likely to interest the naturalists and archaeologists a hundred thousand years hence? Enterprising diggers may light upon traces of the British Museum far below the surface. Whose works will be found to have resisted the ravages of time? Will the "Gowrie Conspiracy" delight the eye of the inquiring student, together with Mr. Lang's variations on the touching legend of Cock Robin?

## PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour made a statement as to the course of public business, and enumerated a large number of Bills which the Government hoped to pass. The Motor-Car Bill, he said, promised to be highly contentious, and he appealed to the House of Commons to restrict debate as much as possible, so as to secure an amendment of the present law, which was admitted to be unsatisfactory. He proposed to suspend the twelve o'clock rule for the rest of the Session, but this was resisted by the Opposition on the ground that the Government were not entitled to claim the whole time of the House. Mr. Gibson Bowles complained that the House was "the only place on God's earth" where a discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals was not permitted, and this led to a lively debate. Lord Hugh Cecil suggested that discussion of this question was refused by the Government because they were afraid of criticism, and asked whether any opportunity would be granted before the dissolution. Mr. Balfour declined to pledge himself to this course, and declared it to be a novel Constitutional doctrine that the existing Parliament was entitled to debate any scheme that would be submitted to its successor. The demand for discussion was a mere party move, and he was not such a fool as to give in to it. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman retorted that the proposed change of our fiscal policy was a party move, and nobody on the Opposition side was such a fool as not to see it.

On the second reading of the South African Loan Bill Sir William Harcourt gave an unfavourable sketch of the financial situation in the Transvaal and the Orange Colony, and contended that all the plans for the employment of labour in the mines were unjust. Mr. Chamberlain pointed out that the revenue of the new Colonies was greater than Sir William Harcourt's estimate, and urged that the potentialities of wealth in both of them were enormous. He said he was in favour of employing coolie labour on the railways, and Kaffir labour in the mines. It was true, however, that opinion in the Transvaal was at present unfavourable to the importation of Asiatic labour, and he had no intention of overriding that opinion.

Vigorous opposition was offered to the Sugar Convention Bill, on the ground that it would prejudice several industries by making sugar dearer. In the House of Lords the London Education Bill was read a second time, after a debate which offered no fresh point of interest except an emphatic statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury that neither this Bill nor the Act of last year was the result of any bargain between the Government and the Church of England.

## ART NOTES.

Mr. Whistler has been buried at Chiswick; but his friends and admirers took full advantage of the convenience offered by the holding of the first portion of the service in Old Chelsea Church. There a notable company was gathered together, more notable even than was indicated in reports that were otherwise careful and exhaustive. The name of Mr. Menpes was omitted from these; whereas the record of his presence as a mourner adds a significant foot-note to the story of an ancient quarrel, one of the first as well as one of the bitterest in which Mr. Whistler was engaged.

Many columns of biography of Mr. Whistler have been written, without, however, settling some facts in Whistler biography that have long baffled the inquirer. Was Mr. Whistler really an American? His descent, we know, was English on his father's side, Scottish on his mother's. But was America the land of his birth? The writer of the *Times* biography says there is no doubt that Mr. Whistler was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, though he himself made some mystery about it. Whistler himself showed no hesitation at the time of the Ruskin suit. "Were you born in St. Petersburg?" was almost the first leading question put to him; and the reply came shrilly, "I was." One thing is obviously certain—that Mr. Whistler, if born in New England, was not born a Puritan New-Englander, any more than a man who begins in a stable is born a horse.

The Hungarian National Gallery has made purchases of works by Messrs. Austen Brown, D. Y. Cameron, C. H. Shannon, Oliver Hall, and G. Sauter. The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers was invited to organise the British section of the Budapest Exhibition, with these gratifying results. In addition to the gold thus distributed were two gold medals awarded to Mr. Austen Brown and Mr. Oliver Hall.

The Gainsborough portrait of Captain Wade, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, has been sold by order of the Bath Assembly Rooms Company, and it fetched, under the hammer at Christie's, two thousand one hundred guineas. The Captain had all the braveries of costume; and his red coat and breeches, his gold embroidered vest, and his romantic hat, proper to the Pump-room, seem to give us in art a glimpse of that social history which the novelist of its day has made immortal. But in the case of the portraits by British masters, hardly less than in the engravings of them, sex governs price; and a likeness of one of the great ladies whom this Master of the Ceremonies welcomed, painted by Gainsborough with no more art than is here displayed, might have delighted the hearts of shareholders with a record price forerunning a fine uncovenanted dividend.

To the last the doors of Burlington House have been besieged by an eager crowd, all the more eager as the day of closing approached. The number of visitors passing the turnstiles has been larger this year than for many years past; and, indeed, seems to have grown in inverse ratio to the number of canvases exhibited, fewer this year than ever before. This prosperity ought to be of good augury for the success of the reform, to be begun next year, by which the number of Academicians' pictures is reduced.







## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN  
IN IRELAND.

The arrival of their Majesties in Ireland, already chronicled, was the prelude to a busy week, during which the august visitors had hardly an hour of leisure from public duties. On July 22 the business of the day began with

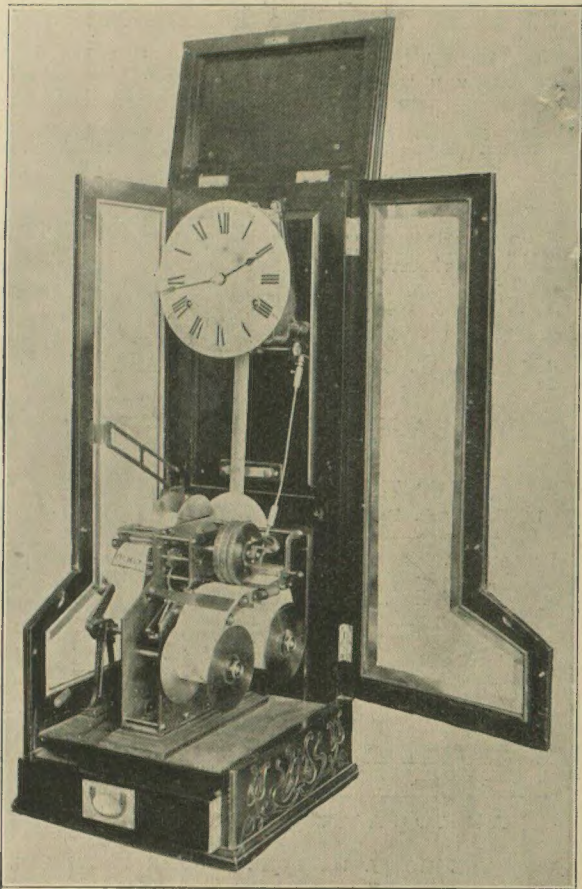
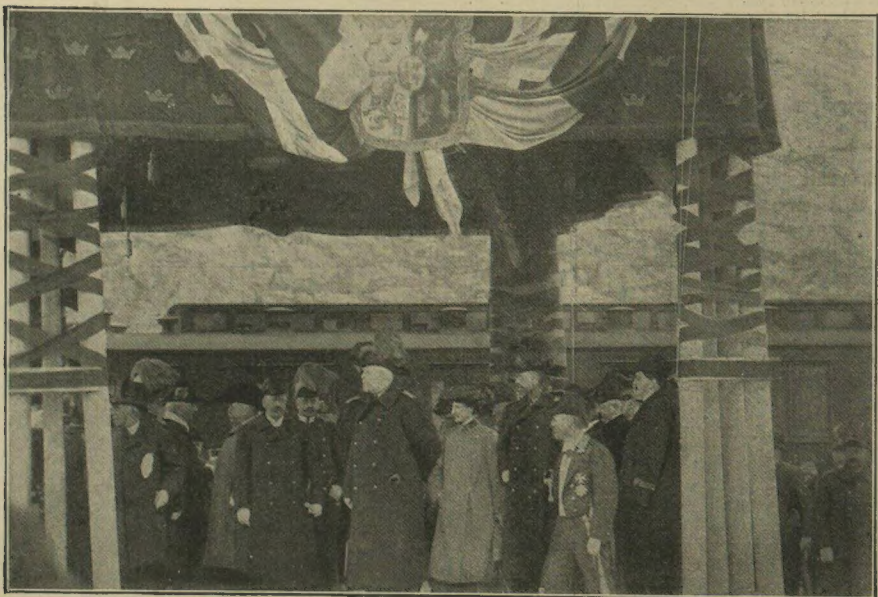


Photo. Park.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE BY MACHINERY: THE AUTOMATIC  
ISSUE OF POLICIES.

The machine, which defies fraud, has the appearance of a clock. When the applicant drops his penny into the slot, he pulls forward a handle, when out drops a pencil (already sharpened), and an opening is disclosed through which signature is made. Then the client pushes back the handle, and simultaneously the space closes and an insurance policy is issued through another slot. Against the signature inside the machine is printed the exact date and time (to the minute) when the policy is issued. If the insured meets with an accident within seven days, he applies to the Industrial Accident Insurance Company for his weekly allowance; and if his name is on the register retained by the machine, the policy is paid.

a reception of public bodies in St. Patrick's Hall at Dublin Castle. The procession into the Hall was marshalled by Lord Dudley, who carried the Sword of State before their Majesties. Representatives of municipal, ecclesiastical, academic, and commercial institutions presented addresses, to which his Majesty replied collectively. A very curious ceremony was the presentation of an address from the "jarvis," or car-drivers, of Dublin by a deputation composed of two of their number, Christopher Cullen and Michael Byrne. These worthy charioteers behaved with a natural courtliness and dignity

THE MOST NORTHERLY RAILWAY IN EUROPE: KING OSCAR PERFORMING  
THE OPENING CEREMONY.

that did the utmost credit to their order. At noon on the same day and at the same place the King held a Levée, where he received the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Roman Catholic Archbishop (who appeared for the first time at a State ceremonial at the Castle), the Protestant Archbishop, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, Lord Roberts, and a large and distinguished company. After luncheon their Majesties visited Trinity College, where

they were received by the Provost and the governing body. The students gave the King and Queen a truly royal welcome. Before leaving, their Majesties took tea with the Provost. While the King was holding his Levée her Majesty proceeded to Alexandra College and paid a visit, which we have illustrated and described elsewhere. The programme on July 23 opened with a review of the Dublin garrison in Phoenix Park. Over fifteen thousand troops mustered on the parade-ground under the command of the Duke of Connaught. The King, who wore Field-Marshal's uniform, rode to the saluting-point attended by Lord Roberts. He watched a series of fine displays by the horse-artillery and the cavalry. His Majesty afterwards complimented the men on their fine appearance and discipline. In the afternoon their Majesties attended Phoenix Park races, and in the evening a Court was held at Dublin Castle with a magnificence almost equalling that of Buckingham Palace. On the following day their Majesties devoted themselves to the inspection of charitable institutions and methods for the improvement of the condition of the poor. While her Majesty visited the hospitals, the King went down into the most wretched districts of Dublin, and, dispensing with his military escort, traversed on foot some of the very worst slums. In pleasing contrast to the prevailing misery are the new buildings of the Guinness Trust, in Patrick Street, which have been erected for the better housing of the masses, at a very moderate rent. These his Majesty thoroughly inspected, and, on emerging into the streets again, actually rubbed shoulders with the very poorest of his subjects, passing in and out among them with the greatest freedom, and receiving as he went the most enthusiastic and loyal greetings. During his tour his Majesty visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, and thereafter inspected the tenement dwellings in Ross Road and others in Werburgh Road, erected by the Corporation.

The Dublin visit came to an end on the 25th, on which day their Majesties went to Ulster and spent Sunday at Mount Stewart, as the guests of Lord and Lady Londonderry. On the 27th they proceeded to Belfast, where the commercial capital of Ireland accorded them a very warm welcome. The northern municipality did not share Dublin's scruples about a civic greeting, and on the arrival of the King and Queen at the railway-station, the Mayor, attended by the Corporation, presented an address in a magnificent casket. His Majesty expressed his delight in being once more in Belfast, and referred to the present time as full of promise for the future prosperity of Ireland. Fifty-three deputations then presented addresses, to which his Majesty replied collectively, referring to the manufacturing enterprise of Ulster, and to his pride in the position that Belfast had won among the cities of the Empire. His Majesty's constant aim, he avers, is the maintenance of peace among the nations. The King then unveiled the Victoria statue in commemoration of her late Majesty, and afterwards opened the new buildings of the Royal Victoria Hospital, the oldest of the charitable institutions in Ulster. After a luncheon in the Town Hall, their Majesties visited the North-East Agricultural

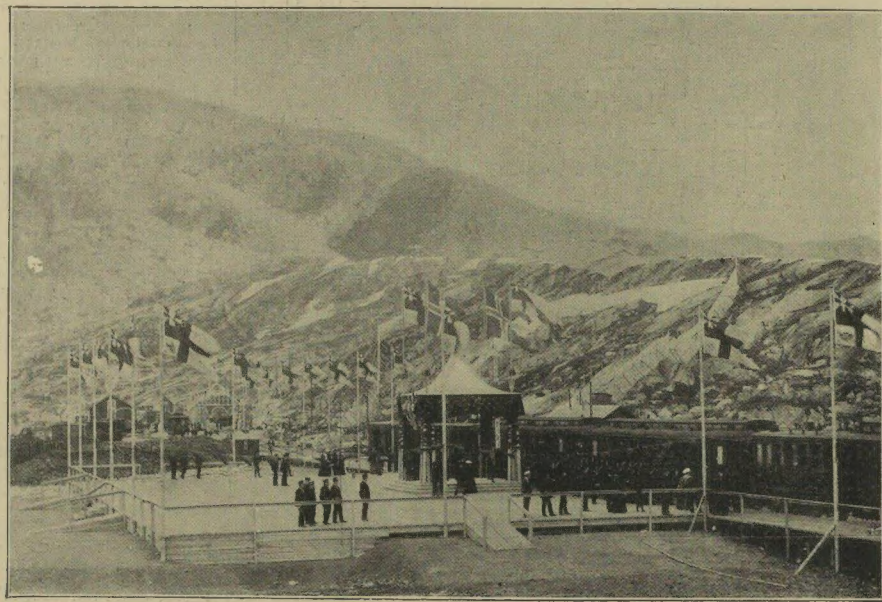
Show, and at the conclusion of the competitions they took train to Bangor. There they re-embarked upon the royal yacht, which at once weighed anchor for Lough Swilly.

On July 28 their Majesties visited Londonderry, where they were received with a loyal address by the Mayor. His Majesty, in a felicitous reply, referred to the pleasant contrast between the present days of peaceful prosperity and those of the historic siege. A State drive through the city, a visit to the Infirmary (where the King laid a memorial stone), a presentation of war-medals to the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and an inspection of nurses by the Queen, filled up the programme of an eventful and memorable day.

After a SOMALILAND. toilsome march, during which two privates died of sunstroke, a detachment of the Hampshire Regiment has reached Upper Sheikh, where the troops from Bohotle and Damot, and those from India, are being concentrated under Colonels Egerton and Manning. General Manning has issued a report upon the Gumburu disaster, which he definitely attributes to Lieutenant-Colonel Plunkett's disobedience. For this, he says, Plunkett paid the penalty of his life, though he and all those with him strove to retrieve the mistake by great gallantry.

THE POPE'S  
OBSEQUIES.

The preparations for the Conclave and the solemn ceremonies of the Novendiales, with which the Pope is laid to his last rest, have during the past week taken their appointed way simultaneously. The body of the Pope, after embalming by the physicians, reposed for a time in the Throne-Room of the Vatican, and then on the evening of July 22 it was arrayed in magnificent vestments for the public lying-in-state. The simpler robes depicted and described in our Illustration of the preliminary lying-in-state were taken off, and on the head was placed a golden mitre. Purple gloves were placed upon the hands, and the costume was completed with full Pontificals. On one hand was a magnificent amethyst ring set in gold. Leo XIII. was then borne to St. Peter's by the twelve Pontifical chair-bearers, the cortège flanked by ten members of the Garde Noble, while the route of the procession was lined by clergy, the Diplomatic Corps, the Papal household, and representatives of the Roman nobility. To the sound of chanting by the choir of the Julian Chapel, the remains were borne to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where they were placed upon an inclined plane within the grille. The features were exposed to view, but the ravages of illness had left them almost unrecognisable. The feet were withdrawn some little distance from the grating, and were not, according to the more usual custom, allowed to protrude in order to receive the salutations of the faithful. The lying-in-state continued until noon on July 25, by which time it was calculated that 350,000 persons had paid their last tribute of respect to the dead Pontiff. At seven in the evening of the 25th, the Cardinal Bishops

THE MOST NORTHERLY RAILWAY IN EUROPE: THE TERMINUS OF THE NEW ARCTIC  
RAILWAY AT NARVIK, ON THE ATLANTIC COAST OF NORWAY.

and Cardinal deacons and as many Cardinal priests as had already arrived in Rome attended in full strength, assisted by the members of the Diplomatic Corps, to take part in the ceremony of preliminary burial. The body of Leo XIII. was then solemnly enclosed in three coffins, one of cypress and two of lead, and the dust having been sealed by the Camerlengo, the Major Domo, Cardinal Rampolla, and the head Canon of the Chapter of St. Peter's, it was raised with windlass and pulley to the temporary *loculus* over the door of the choir of the chapel. Owing to lack of mechanical dexterity on the part of the workmen, the entombment was unduly prolonged, and several Cardinals, becoming exhausted by fatigue and the suffocating heat, had to retire. This portion of the burial service was not completed until ten o'clock. On the morning of the 25th the members of the Sacred College formally received the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Papal Court. The Portuguese Minister presented sympathy in the name of his colleagues, and eulogised the late Pontiff. A reply was delivered by Cardinal Oreglia. On July 27 the Cardinals drew lots for the rooms they are to occupy during the Conclave. Various conjectures were rife as to the duration of the election, but the general consensus of opinion placed its extreme limit at forty-eight hours. The names of the most prominent *papabili* whose chances are seriously considered are Cardinals di Pietro, Capecelatro, Oreglia, Rampolla, Gotti, Vannutelli, Agliardi, Sarto, and Svampa.

THE NAVAL  
MANŒUVRES.

The Admiralty announce two sets of manœuvres, both to be begun directly after the conclusion of the royal visit to Ireland. The Fleet manœuvres, which are to take place in the Atlantic, will be confined to the Home, Channel, and Mediterranean Fleets, the Cruiser Squadron, and certain specially commissioned cruisers. The torpedo craft manœuvres will be held in the Irish Channel, and will be attended by all the available torpedo gunboats; destroyers, and torpedo-boats, and some cruisers. At the termination of both sets the combined Fleets, having Lagos Bay as headquarters, will engage in a series of tactical exercises.

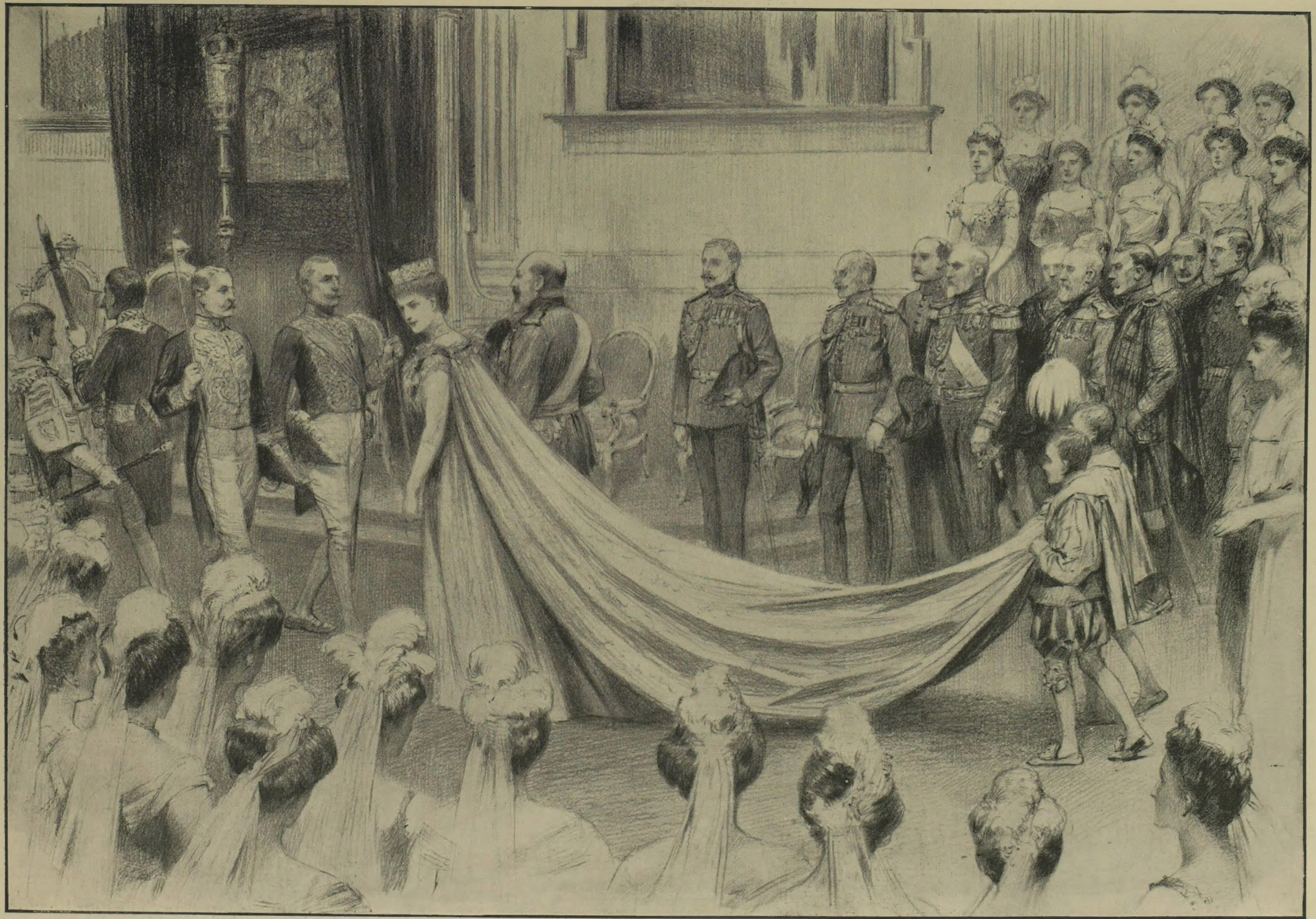
AN ARCTIC  
RAILWAY.

The most northerly railway in Europe, between the Gulf of Bothnia and the Atlantic, was opened by King Oscar of Sweden on July 13. This railway was built primarily by British capital, in order to open up the rich iron ore regions of Lapland, and the facility of transit is expected to revolutionise the steel industry in Europe.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: THEIR MAJESTIES' COURT IN DUBLIN CASTLE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN DUBLIN.



THEIR MAJESTIES ENTERING ST. PATRICK'S HALL FOR THE COURT CEREMONIAL ON THE EVENING OF JULY 23.

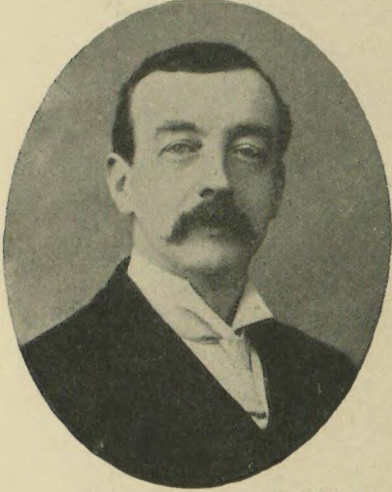
*Their Majesties entered and passed to the throne with slow and stately step. The royal procession was headed by Lord Dudley, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who bore the Sword of State.*



The inauguration ceremony was held at the Atlantic terminus of Warwick, first named Port Victoria by the British promoters of the scheme.

## BARNARD CASTLE.

The election in the Barnard Castle division of Durham has resulted in the return of Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labour candidate, by a majority of forty-seven over Colonel Vane, Unionist, who polled about five hundred votes more than Mr. Beaumont, the official Liberal candidate. Mr. Henderson was formerly political agent for Sir Joseph Pease, the late Member, and has been a prominent Trade Unionist in the North for many years. That he should have defeated both his opponents makes his election almost as striking as that of Mr. Crooks, the Labour representative of Woolwich. It

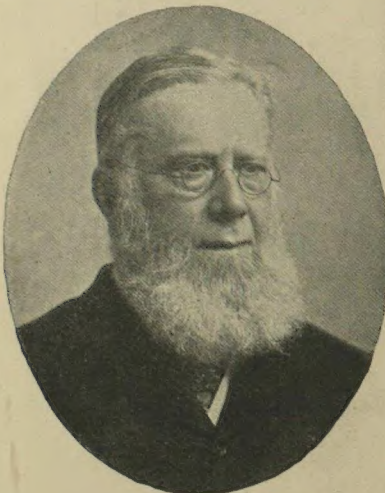


MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON,  
NEW M.P. FOR BARNARD CASTLE.

will be a great stimulus to the Labour party, and Mr. Henderson has already warned the party managers of the Opposition that, if terms are not made with him and his friends, Liberal candidates in other constituencies will share the fate of Mr. Beaumont. As Colonel Vane was a cautious supporter of the fiscal inquiry, and the other candidates were openly opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's policy, it is contended that the first test election has gone heavily against him. On the other hand, there is a disposition to regard the defeat of official Liberalism as an augury of serious division in the Liberal party when the Government appeal to the country.

**HOSPITALITY INDEED!** The Kaiser continues to woo America with unabated ardour. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, millionaire, has been treated in Germany like a crowned head. He visited Marienberg and Dantzic, where he was received with military and civic honours, officials specially appointed by the Kaiser dancing attendance day and night. At Dantzic he gave a farewell dinner on his sumptuous yacht to all the dignitaries within reach, and their joy found expression in the illumination of the harbour. Some ill-feeling appears to have been excited in Germany by these festivities. Mr. Vanderbilt's pedigree is not highly esteemed by the Prussian aristocracy. He is described as a member of the New York "Four Hundred," a corporation unknown to the "Almanach de Gotha." But this does not matter to the Kaiser. If the whole "Four Hundred" should visit Germany in a body, it will be his policy to entertain them as if they were all descended from Charlemagne. Any Senator, Congressman, State Governor, Judge, or Colonel may count on the same magnificent hospitality. Even Tammany would be received with open arms. The noble company of "free lunchers" should make all haste to Germany for an autumn holiday and a round of official feasts. The Kaiser keeps open castle, and they can order what they please.

**A GREAT JUDGE.** One of the most distinguished lawyers who have in recent years adorned the English Bench passed away on July 26, in the person of the Right Hon. Sir John Rigby. For many years his health had been indifferent, and growing infirmity caused his retirement from the Bench in the autumn of 1901. The son of a Cheshire county gentleman, he was born in 1834, and received his early education at Liverpool College. He began a distinguished career at Trinity College, Cambridge, with a scholarship, and graduated as Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. He was afterwards elected to a Fellowship, and in 1860 was called to the Bar, where his rise was rapid, and where for many years he was the sole oratorical competitor of the present Lord Davey. In 1885 he entered Parliament as Liberal member for Wisbech; and although defeated in an intermediate contest, he was re-elected for Forfarshire in 1892, when Mr. Gladstone made him Solicitor-General; two years later he became Attorney-General. In 1894 he was promoted to the Court of Appeal, where his judgments had a great repute for soundness. Lord Justice Rigby died a bachelor.



THE LATE SIR JOHN RIGBY,  
LORD JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF APPEAL.

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THE GLASGOW  
RAILWAY DISASTER.

That no railway journey need be considered safely accomplished till the passengers have actually alighted, was demonstrated in a most melancholy manner by the horrible catastrophe which occurred within St. Enoch Station, Glasgow, on July 27. A train, which was bringing excursionists from the Isle of Man, on the conclusion of the Glasgow Fair holidays, had practically accomplished its journey and was already running into the station, when, through some cause yet to be ascertained, the driver failed to pull up in time, and the engine dashed into the permanent buffers at the end of the dock. The three foremost carriages were telescoped and fifteen persons were killed. A whole family, a father, a mother, and two children, were among the victims. Thirty persons were injured. The driver was arrested pending inquiry.

## THE FAR EAST.

The recent rumours of war between the Russians and the Japanese are now stilled by the announcement that peace will be preserved at any rate during the winter, Russia having made important concessions to America and Japan.

## ARBITRATION.

The London visit of the French Senators and Deputies was as successful as that of M. Loubet. Nothing could have been more cordial than the interchange of courtesies; and it is certain that the visitors understood as well as the President of the Republic the desire of all our statesmen for concord with France. But whether this could find its most politic expression in a Treaty of Arbitration is another issue. It is one thing to seek occasion for smoothing away difficulties between the two nations—a policy which the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay now have in common; and it is quite a different thing to bind both



Mr. Harris.

Photo. Cavilla.

RESCUER AND RESCUED: HIS HIGHNESS MULAI AHMED, SHEREEF OF WAZAN, AND MR. WALTER HARRIS, THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE MOORS.

Mr. Walter Harris, the eminent traveller, who represents the "Times" in Morocco, and who has frequently acted as our Correspondent also, was released from his recent captivity through the good offices of his Highness Mulai Ahmed. Mr. Harris, it will be remembered, was exchanged for sixteen Moors.

nations to submit points of difference to a foreign tribunal. Such an experiment might create misunderstandings instead of removing them, for there are always matters on which no nation would consent to arbitrate. Really vital interests, if they were at stake, could not be submitted to the tribunal; and any dispute as to the construction of the Treaty in relation to such interests would be dangerous. Moreover, the theory which supposes a court of arbitration to be free from bias in every conceivable case does not accord with experience.

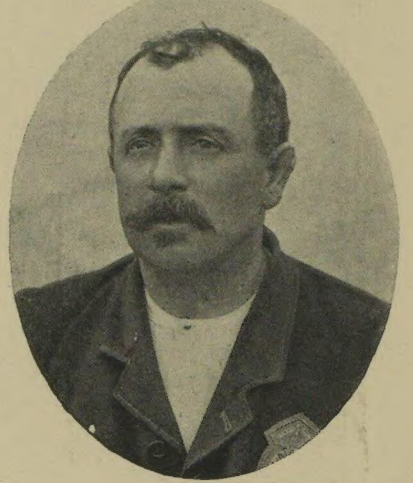
## "RETALIATION."

The official correspondence as to the commercial relations between Germany and Canada shows that Germany has thought better of her threat to deprive Great Britain of "most-favoured-nation treatment," if the Colonies should accord preference to goods from the Mother Country. It is claimed that this is a result of the hint that we may modify our fiscal system, and Mr. Chamberlain has pointedly asked his opponents how such a result could be achieved in any other way. If Protectionist countries should discriminate against the Colonies and Great Britain, how could this policy be checked under our system of free imports? To this it is answered that we might have checked Germany just as effectually by purely diplomatic measures, such as refusal to co-operate with her against Venezuela. But it is not shown how we could check America or France. It is impossible to say whether our friendly relations with those countries would be affected by a change in our commercial system; but it is very likely that they would be so

affected if we raised some political question as a protest against French and American tariffs.

THE KING'S  
PRIZEMAN.

The winner of the King's Prize for 1903 at Bisley performed a remarkable feat, for he won the Gold Medal and Blue Ribbon of the Meeting on the tenth anniversary of the day when he won that prize for the first time. Colour-Sergeant W. T. Davies, who belongs to the 3rd Glamorgan-shire, is about forty-five years old. He has been a Volunteer for more than twenty years. On the occasion of his former triumph he belonged to the 1st Welsh Regiment. As his occupation is that of traveller for a whisky firm, he has this year deprived the teetotallers of a favourite argument which they occasionally deduce from the result of the greatest Bisley competition. The present victory of gallant little Wales is extremely popular.



COL.-SERGT. DAVIES (3RD GLAMORGAN).  
WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE.

THE EMPRESS  
EMILY.

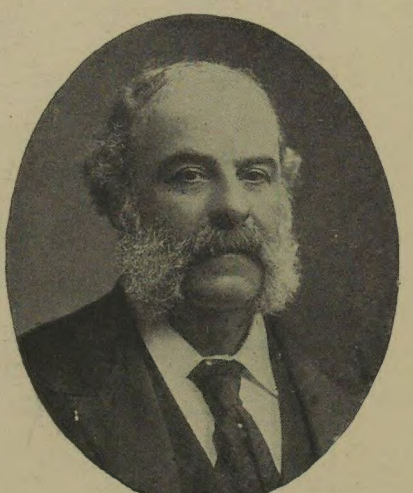
It is said that the daughter of a Presbyterian missionary in Korea has been invested with the purple. She has enjoyed this distinction for some time, but it has only just been discovered that when the Emperor of Korea took to wife a lady named Om, this was no other than Miss Emily Brown. As the Empress Emily is an American, there are rejoicings in the Great Republic, and some envious cavillers on this side of the water are trying to belittle her Imperial rank, hinting that it is not the guinea stamp, but a poor barbaric counterfeit. This will not disturb the Empress Emily. Her son will be Emperor in due time, provided that Russia or Japan does not swallow up his patrimony. A semi-American potentate on the Korean throne ought to make a novel figure in Far Eastern politics.

## LYNCHING.

An epidemic of lynching is running through the United States. It is gravely argued that unless negro criminals awaiting trial are dragged out of jail and burnt alive, there will be no check on the villainy of black men. This is like a caricature of the common argument in favour of the old penal code in England, that unless pickpockets were hanged there could be no security for property. The lynching of negroes has become a public amusement in some parts of the Union. It affords much more sport than a bull-fight, because it satisfies both a lust of cruelty and a sense of rectitude. Moreover, it is no longer necessary that the victim should be black. We read of a mob attacking a jail, killing the deputy sheriff, who offered resistance, and two white men who were in his custody. In most cases the authorities are passive; but now the lynchers have taken to murdering white men in the name of public virtue, we may hear of vigorous measures.

## DEATH OF AN M.P.

Argyllshire lost its Member of Parliament on July 27 by the death of Mr. Donald Ninian Nicol. Born on Oct. 8, 1843, the eldest surviving son of John Nicol of Ardmarnoch, Argyllshire, he was educated at Merchiston School, Edinburgh, Glasgow University, and Queen's College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1879, but did not practise, and in 1895 entered Parliament for the constituency which he represented until his death. Among his public offices were those of J.P. and D.L. of Argyllshire. He was also chairman of the Argyll County Council. At the last election Mr. J. S. Ainsworth opposed Mr. Nicol unsuccessfully. The late Member was the owner of about nine thousand acres.



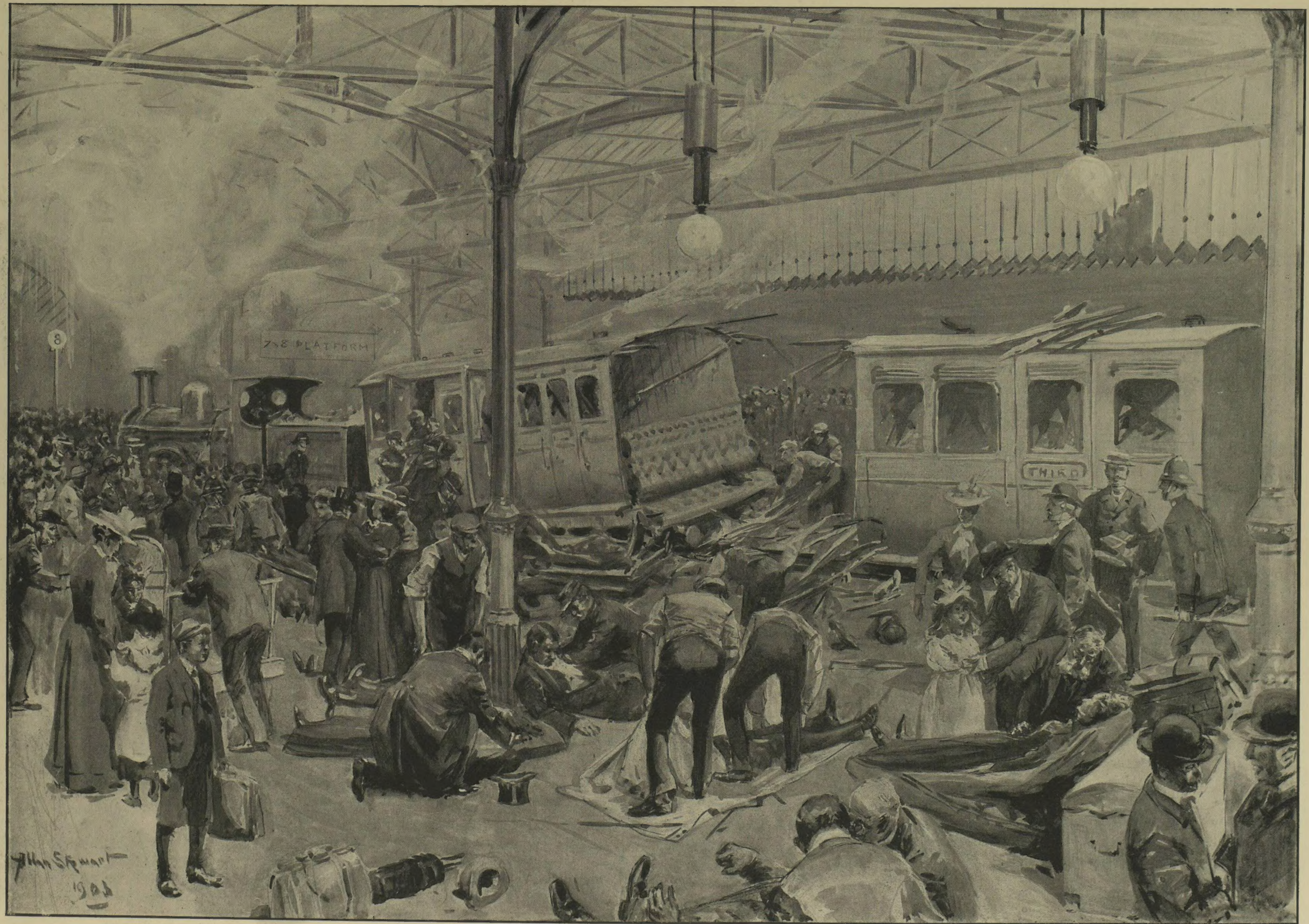
THE LATE MR. D. N. NICOL,  
M.P. FOR ARGYLLSHIRE.

**THE BALKAN TROUBLE.** It is reported from Salonika that a renewal of the dynamite outrages is in contemplation, and that eighteen Bulgarian officers have left Sofia to promote these infernal schemes. The Bulgarian bands are very active around Monastir.



# THE TRAGIC TERMINATION OF THE GLASGOW FAIR HOLIDAYS.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.



THE RAILWAY DISASTER IN ST. ENOCH STATION, JULY 27: THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

*The train, which was bringing back excursionists from the Isle of Man, was wrecked at the very moment when it should have come to a standstill alongside the platform. Owing to the engine-driver's failure to pull up in time, the engine dashed into the permanent buffers and the first three coaches were telescoped: fifteen persons were killed, and thirty wounded.*



# THE OBSEQUIES OF POPE LEO XIII.: THE PROCESSION TO THE TEMPORARY TOMB.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.

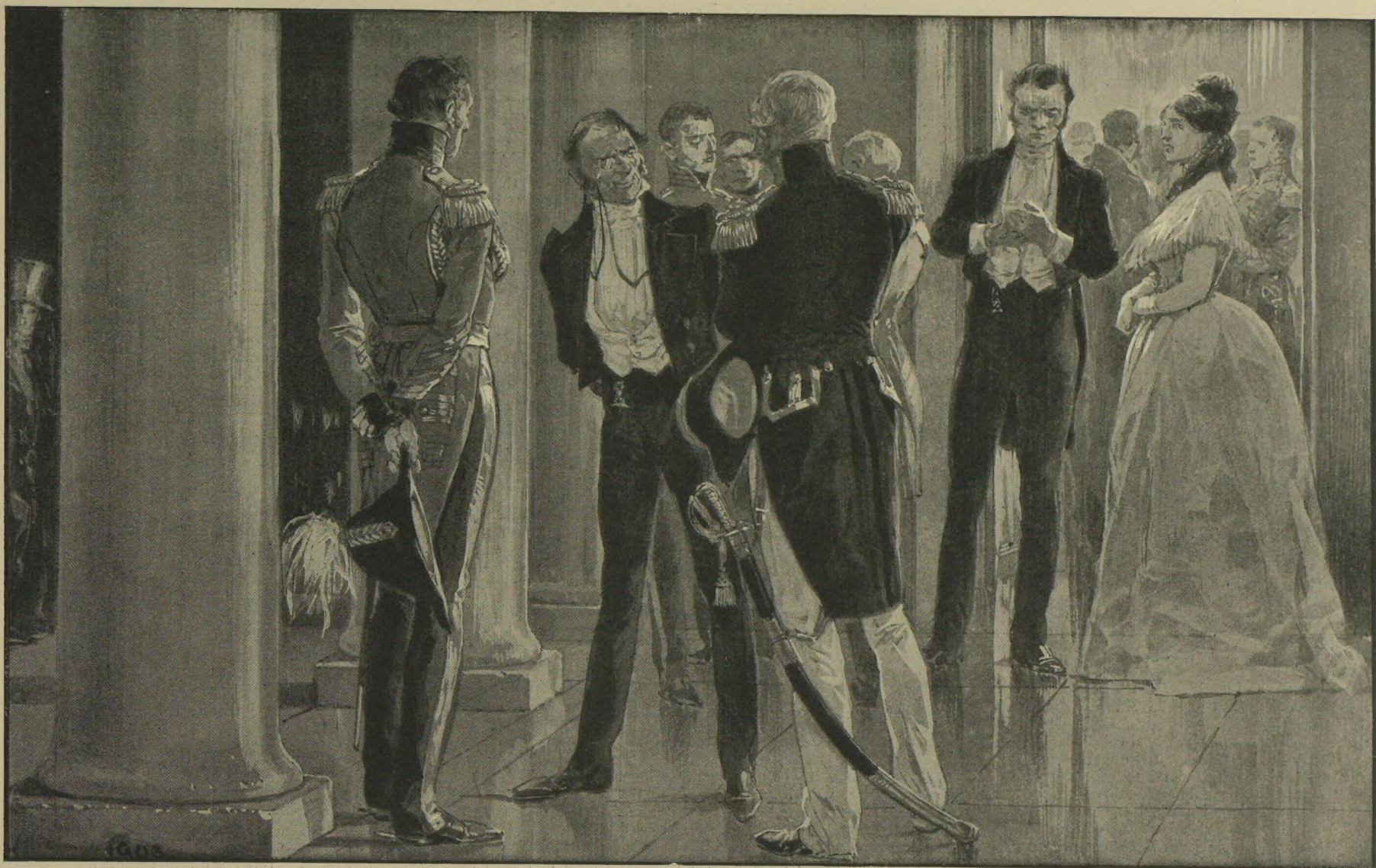


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, AUG. 1, 1903.—160

THE DEAD POPE BORNE FROM THE CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT (WHERE HE LAY IN STATE) TO THE CHOIR OF THE JULIAN CHAPEL.

*The scene represents the procession as it passed from the central nave to the small nave. Above the door of the choir the remains were temporarily deposited. The mace-bearers bore their maces reversed, and the priests of the choir carried the bier draped with a pall of red and gold. On each side marched members of the Garde Noble.*





The expected "lion" of the evening, the Governor himself, had, almost at the last moment, sent an apology through his secretary.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Hewitt, his face aflame with excitement, was the first to return to the spot where the encounter had taken place. Lugard, calm and insouciant as ever, followed him a few minutes later, and pulling up some tufts of dry, clean grass, proceeded to use them as a dust-brush upon the sleeves of his coat, carefully removing all traces of mud and dust. Then from his saddle-bag he produced a small ivory-backed hand-glass, surveyed his handsome features therein, trimmed his Vandyke beard and pointed moustache with a comb, and then politely handed both articles to the impatient Hewitt, who would have waived them aside as irritating and non-essential things, under the circumstance, but his natural Irish politeness made him accept them with a good grace.

Then, after filling and lighting his pipe, and waiting for Hewitt to do so also, Lugard seated himself comfortably on the grass and began to speak.

"First of all, Mr. Hewitt," he said, with a laugh, "I owe you an apology for being so hasty, but you must admit that you took me by surprise, and did not give me time to think. Now, although I am pretty familiar with your story generally, and know all about your escape from Tasmania, and, indeed, meant to get into communication with you, I did not dream of your being anywhere within a hundred or two miles of Waringa. Then, when you so suddenly covered me, and told me your name, I did not for the moment connect Hewitt the bushranger with Vincent Hewitt of Annalong. And so you see the result was that nasty cut on your forehead, for which I am really very sorry."

"Then how did you find out I was one and the same person?"

"Very easily. I was told by those who sent me to this infernal country to seek your uncle, your cousin, and yourself, that you had lost the first finger of your left hand, and that two others were crippled."

"Yes, a warder's bullet at Port Arthur did that for me when I made my first attempt to escape."

"So, of course, it was easy for me to recognise you after you fell and I saw your hand. Now, as I want to be at Waringa in good time to-day, I'll get through my story as quickly as possible, first of all telling you that I was sent to Australia for the purpose of effecting the escape of your uncle, your cousin, yourself, and the two Montgomery brothers."

"Henry Montgomery is dead—he died in Tasmania."

Lugard nodded. "I know. I have learnt a good deal since I arrived in the country. The other brother is, however, now in Sydney, where he is employed in the Commissariat stores. Him I have already seen and prepared. Your uncle is at Port Macquarie, whither I must go in due course; your cousin Helen is at Waringa, in Captain Lathom's service; and this morning—just previous to my meeting with you—I learnt from a boy whom I met that she is just on the eve of leaving for Sydney with Miss Lathom."

"I know that," cried Hewitt. "I was at Waringa late last night and tried to see her, and in fact did see her, sitting on the verandah; but Lathom's dog saw me, and Lathom himself came out to see what it was barking at, and I had to get away."

"Oh, well, if all goes right you will have plenty of opportunities of seeing her before a month is out, for now that I have met you, you can materially assist me to expedite matters. And I managed to let your cousin know by a carefully worded note, sent by sure hands, that a friend was near. More I did not dare say."

"Ah, it was you, then, from whom she received the note old Tim Doyle spoke of to me! It was given to him to give to her by one of Lathom's boatmen, who got it from someone in Newcastle."

## HELEN ADAIR

By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"That's right; and the Newcastle man had it given to him by a man from Sydney—a soldier whom Patrick Montgomery said I could trust. I'm glad she received it safely."

"And who are the friends who are doing all this?" inquired Hewitt eagerly.

"Most of the money has been found by Walter Adair, of Boston, your cousin's father's brother. He has given ten thousand

dollars, and other Irishmen in the United States who have relatives undergoing penal servitude in Tasmania and New South Wales have given another five thousand, of which the father of the two Montgomerys gave a thousand, for instance. I was selected to undertake the enterprise, or rather I volunteered for it, for I was in the employ of Walter Adair. I was master of one of his ships in the China trade, and when he told me of the scheme he had afoot, I offered my services. That was more than a year ago, and a mighty tedious business it has been, Mr. Hewitt, I can assure you. First of all I had to go to Washington to get letters to the American Minister in London. Then I went to London, and the Minister, who pretty well knew what was the real object I had in view, took me to the Home Secretary and asked that facilities should be given to me to make certain inquiries in New South Wales and Tasmania concerning the survivors—if any—of a convict named Ascott, who was sent to Botany Bay with the First Fleet. This Ascott had greatly distinguished himself in the early days by his bravery, when the *Sirius*, frigate, was wrecked at Norfolk Island; had been pardoned and rewarded by Governor Phillip; had married, been given a large grant of land, and died about twenty years after, leaving several children. Now we knew that all these Ascott children had left Australia and settled in America, but it suited us to make the Home Office believe that we thought them to be in Australia still (by 'we' I mean, of course, Walter Adair, the relatives of the Montgomerys, and myself), and that as a brother of the convict Ascott had died in Philadelphia intestate, and left a large property, his solicitors were anxious to find out the surviving members of the family, and had commissioned me to make search for them.

"At that time the British Government was spreading itself to do nice things for the United States, and so I had no trouble in getting all the facilities I desired. I was given letters to the Governor of New South Wales, and to several other highly placed officials. From London I went to Batavia in one of the East India Company's ships, and at Batavia I took passage in a Dutch barque—the *Leeuwarden*—for Sydney; and here I am, feeling pretty sick of it all, I can assure you."

He paused, and then resumed with something like a frown upon his handsome face—

"The worst part of the business is this: owing to the heavy and unlooked-for expenses that I have had to incur there is not much of the three thousand pounds left. For six months past an American whale-ship, the *Palmyra*, has been hanging about the coast expecting me. Her captain is to have a thousand pounds for his share of the work—which is simply to receive his passengers on board and make sail for Callao, from where they can get to the United States. Now, I should have arrived in Sydney at least five months ago, but I have had bad luck from the start. I came via Batavia to save time, instead of which time was lost, and the old *Leeuwarden* was twice ashore in Torres Straits. Then, when we did get to Sydney, I found that the *Palmyra* had twice been there, ostensibly to sell what whale-oil she had on board, but really to find out if I had arrived, and what was to be done. Her captain left a letter for me with safe hands, and said that although he did not mind hanging on for



another two or three months, it was risky, as the authorities were becoming suspicious of his vessel hanging so long about the coast, killing small humpback whales, when the rest of the American whaling fleet had sailed northward three months ago to the sperm whaling-grounds."

"I believe I have seen that ship," interrupted Hewitt. "Is she what you call a brig—a vessel with two masts, and yards on each?"

"Yes, the *Palmyra* is a brig. I have never seen her; but that, I know, is her rig."

"Well, she was cruising along the coast only a few weeks ago between Smoky Cape and the Manning Heads. I saw her several times near Port Macquarie."

"I trust she is about there still," said Lugard. "Miss Adair's father is at Port Macquarie, and, all being well, Miss Adair herself will go there before long; but we'll talk about that later on. Well, as I was saying, the captain of the *Palmyra* is feeling nervous. Naturally enough, he doesn't want to have his ship seized, and find himself in jail in Sydney for aiding prisoners to escape. Then, too, he hinted that he would like to see some money as a proof of my *bona fides*. This had to be attended to; it would never do for us to be left in the lurch. So I gave five hundred pounds to the friends who are working with me in Sydney for this Captain Carroll, and wrote him a long letter as well, telling him the cause of the delay, and adding that I should certainly be back in Sydney within eight weeks, and hoped by that time to have perfected my plans. I daresay that by this time the *Palmyra* has been in Sydney Harbour for the third time, and the five hundred pounds will quite satisfy Carroll. I asked him when he next came to Sydney to give out that his brig was leaking, discharge or sell what oil he had taken, put his vessel on the beach somewhere, and take a long time over his repairs. This will keep the authorities from putting a watch on him."

Hewitt said that he (Lugard) had thought matters over very carefully.

"As carefully as I could. But the money is going, and I have barely a thousand pounds left. Of that Carroll is to receive another five hundred pounds—and Heaven knows what I am to do if I run short at a critical moment."

Hewitt laughed. "I can help you considerably. I can lay my hands upon seven hundred pounds in a few days. The money is safely planted on the coast not far from Port Macquarie. I placed it there with the intention of using it to effect the escape of my uncle, my cousin, and myself, little knowing that there were others working for the same object. I had heard that a girl named Helen Cronin was servant to Captain Lathom, of Waringa, and felt sure it was my cousin Helen. Cronin was the name of the old family nurse at Annalong, and I determined to try and see her. That is how you and I happened to meet."

"But this money—"

Hewitt laughed again. "Pay for his Majesty's soldiers and civilian officials at Port Macquarie, Rolland's Plains, and other townships. I learnt that it was on board a small vessel then weather-bound at Camden Haven, and with two trusted comrades went on board and took it." And then he told the story in detail, adding that as soon as the money had been taken ashore he had given two hundred pounds of it to the two men who had assisted him in the enterprise.

"We parted company the following day, and I was glad enough of it too, although they served my purpose very well, for I could not have done anything single-handed. They said they were quite satisfied with a hundred pounds each, and so we parted. But I took good care that they did not see me plant the money. We all knew that the whole countryside—soldiers and warders—would be out after us in a few hours, so they doubled back inland towards Macleay River. I only met them by the merest chance, after I had been doing myself the honour of drinking a glass of wine with old Major Innes. The poor devils were new hands at the bushranging trade, and, as a matter of fact, were all but starving when I came across them. They had stolen their horses from Cockburn's Gwalior cattle-station on the Hastings River, their arms from a road-making party, and were thinking of trying to reach Newcastle. Poor beggars! I'm sorry for them."

Lugard listened with obvious interest to Hewitt's story of his surprise of the *Edith*. Seven hundred pounds would be likely to prove of the greatest use to him, and so, after some consideration, he said he would use the money if occasion demanded it.

"I am quite aware that I am asking you to let me have the use of the proceeds of a robbery," he said; "but I must not let that stand in my way. I daresay if you had taken it from private individuals I should think twice before applying one sovereign of it to further my mission. But as matters stand we may need it. Now, Mr. Hewitt, just listen carefully to me, and I shall tell you what I think should be done. First of all I should advise you not to attempt to see your cousin—I suppose you are very fond of her, by the way?"

Hewitt's face flushed. "I have loved her ever since I was a boy of twelve, and though I am now a disgraced and broken man, I have yet a wild hope that in some other land I can make her my wife. And I am a desperate man. When I escaped from that hell upon earth—Tasmania—it was with the one idea of seeing her again. I had heard that not long after her poor father had been transported she had followed him—as a convict herself."

Lugard nodded. "It is a sad, sad story, Mr. Hewitt. From what her uncle Walter told me it appears that, after her father's trial and conviction, she made her way to Dublin, and, as 'Helen Cronin,' actually passed base money for the purpose of getting herself arrested. And arrested she was, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. But the poor girl has never seen her father since she parted from him in Ireland. He was sent to Port Macquarie, where he has been kept ever since as a 'good-conduct' prisoner, and she, fortunately for herself, was assigned to Captain Lathom, who is, from all I can hear of him, a good man and a gentleman."

"I, too, knew that my uncle, John Adair, was sent to Port Macquarie," said Hewitt, "and I made several

attempts to see him, but I could not even find out where he was employed. If I had known his number I should have succeeded; but I dared not ask for him by name, for, although he is a 'good-conduct' prisoner, the officials are very alert and keen to prevent anyone from getting into communication with Irish prisoners who have been sent out for sedition. So I had to give it up. But I did succeed in hearing about 'Helen Cronin' from one of the civilian officials at Port Macquarie, and, as I said, felt convinced that she was my cousin."

"Well, I trust all will end happily. Now, this is what I suggest you should do. You say that you have many secure hiding-places along the coast between Port Macquarie and the Manning River Heads?"

"I have several places in which I can remain in absolute security; the country along the coast is practically uninhabited—only a very few settlers, and they widely apart. Some of them I can trust to supply me with food; and, even if I did not go near them, fish and game are plentiful. No one need starve on the sea-coast."

"Do you know of any place where you can get a good view of the sea—a place where you could live, say, for a month, or more if need be, and where a boat could be sent ashore and hidden till it was wanted, or where the *Palmyra* herself could come in close to the land and yet not be seen from the Signal Hill at Port Macquarie?"

Hewitt thought for a few moments.

"Yes, I know of one place in particular. It is called Cattai Creek, and is in a bend of the coast, thirteen miles from Port Macquarie. It is a series of swamps which connects with Lake Innes. I have often camped there, and am sure that no vessel, even with all her sails up, could be seen there from the Signal Hill."

"Well, then, Hewitt—I'll drop the 'Mr.' now, I think—you had best make your way there, and make yourself as comfortable as you can till you see or hear from me, or see the *Palmyra* or a boat from her come ashore. Now, take this pencil and make me a rough plan of the entrance to this Cattai Creek, as near as you can."

"You will recognise the place by one of the headlands. It is a low, but straight up-and-down cliff of what looks like stone, but is really only hard sand."

"Very well. Let us arrange about signals."

This was soon done, and then Lugard told his new friend that he (Lugard), after he had seen Helen at Waringa, would hasten back to Sydney as quickly as possible, "unless," he added, "she and I decide that I must first go to Port Macquarie and see her father. And I really cannot decide now whether or not it would be better to go there after I leave Waringa or return at once to Sydney and come up here in the *Palmyra*, meet you again, and then make our final plans. So much depends upon your cousin herself. If she and your uncle can be brought together at Port Macquarie, then the rest will be made easy. Now I think I have said all that is necessary. You know all about the signalling, and if you do not see the brig for even six or eight weeks you must try and be patient."

"Indeed, I will be patient."

"You are sure you can find the money easily?"

"Quite. I have hidden it in a scrub two miles from Camden Haven, and Camden Haven is only eight miles from Cattai Creek. My hiding-place there will be about a quarter of a mile up the creek, on the top of a thickly timbered bluff, from where I can see not only along the coast, but all over the lagoons, right up to Lake Innes."

"Good. I shall have no trouble in finding you. You had, however, better get your money from where you left it, and take it to your new camp in case of emergency—I mean in the event of our having to make a hurried run from the coast."

"I understand." Then he added, with a laugh, "I must tell you that even at this moment I have nearly a hundred and fifty pounds in gold. Some time ago, near Sydney, I borrowed two hundred pounds from the Commissary-General there."

Lugard smiled. "I heard of that. And now I think of it, tell me, before we part, what made you call on me to 'stand and deliver'?"

"Devilment, I suppose," replied Hewitt, with a laugh, "though I ought to have known from your dress that you were not a Government man. But I think I shall be satisfied now with my 'bushranging' exploits, unless something very good in the way of more Government money falls in my path."

Lugard shook his head and begged him to run no more risks.

Half an hour later they parted with a warm hand-grasp, Hewitt turning northward to the coast, and Lugard keeping to the road for Waringa.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was sunset, and on the broad stone verandah of the house of Mr. Commissary-General Rutland, which overlooked the waters of Sydney Harbour, were a number of guests. Some of the gentlemen who were chatting with the ladies were in naval or military uniform, others were civilians whose position, irrespective of their social qualifications (or disqualifications), could not be disregarded by Mrs. Rutland, whatever might have been her inclinations; and so her "garden dinner-party," as she called it, was very largely attended. Greatly to her annoyance, however, the expected "lion" of the evening, the Governor himself, had, almost at the last moment, sent an apology through his secretary: "His Excellency regretted that a slight indisposition prevented him," etc., etc.

"'Tis so very annoying, Tom," said Mrs. Rutland to her husband, a big, clean-shaven, and good-tempered man, as she handed him the Governor's note, "especially as Mr. Marsbin has returned from his journey up country. Then, too, there are Mr. and Mrs. Feilding and Ida Lathom. I'm sure Mr. Marsbin will be quite angry when he comes and finds the Governor is not here, and—"

Rutland laughed. "Do you know if he knew that Marsbin was coming?"

"Of course he did. I met Mr. Perry" (the Governor's secretary) "and said that Mr. Marsbin and the Feildings would be here."

"Ah, Rose, my dear, that accounts for the old

gentleman's 'indisposition.' He doesn't like the parson, I know, and absolutely loathes Feilding. And, 'pon my soul, I wish you had left Feilding out. He'll be drunk and offensive about ten o'clock."

Mrs. Rutland shrugged her shoulders. "I couldn't get out of it, Tom. But Marsbin will have a modifying effect on Mr. Feilding, I am sure. The little man is afraid to look him in the face."

"Marsbin is a fearful dull-head himself, Rose; but he behaves like a gentleman. Feilding, however, is incorrigible. At the same time, we must grin and bear it. Oh, heavens above, here are the two McIvor girls!" And the good-natured Commissary groaned. "I suppose the rest of the family will turn up as well."

"They always do, Tom. Mr. and Mrs. McIvor are in the garden. Mr. Dugald McIvor, the eldest son—"

"That fearful-looking fellow, with the red hair, who always brings a flute—"

"Is coming presently, with Miss Jeannette McIvor—"

"Old Mac's sister! Good heavens, Rose! She's as blind as a bat and as deaf as a post. Why in the name—"

"And Master Ian McIvor, the second son, is coming after dinner 'with his violin,' so his proud mother just told me, in case I 'induced her dear girls to sing.' So Dugald and Ian and the 'dear girls' are likely to give us a musical treat."

"And I shall have to take in the deaf old woman to dinner and spoil my own, bawling out answers to the ridiculous questions she asks. It's too bad of you, Rose!"

"My dear Tom! How could we leave them out? And then the girls are not so bad as they look. Lieutenant Wray always has great fun with them, and flirts with them both."

"Wray would flirt with anything in the shape of a young woman, even if she were as plain as a deal board—that is, if there was no better material available. But on this occasion you will find that the McIvor girls won't see much of him. Look down there by the sea-wall."

Mrs. Rutland looked and frowned slightly. It's rather rude of him to take Ida Lathom away from the rest of my guests. But he always was a very thoughtless, careless young man; and Ida should know something of his character and be more careful."

Rutland laughed somewhat cynically. He, and a few other men in Sydney, were aware that Ida Lathom knew all about Maurice Wray's moral reputation, which was as bad as could possibly be; and that, although Lathom disliked him greatly, and had forbidden him his house, the girl had met him clandestinely on many occasions previous to Lathom's appointment to Waringa.

"She cannot help knowing the sort of man Wray is," he said; "in some respects she is as bad as he is. There is something wrong in her mental balance when she can deceive Lathom—who idolises and trusts her to the fullest."

"She is very young, Tom."

"Not too young to have learnt how to deceive the man who has been a father to her since she was left an orphan at six years of age, and whose life has been devoted to her. I tell you, Rose, I don't like her for that—although, for Lathom's sake, I am always glad to see her here."

"I do like her, Tom," said Mrs. Rutland; "perhaps it is because she is so beautiful, and it is hard to associate deceit or treachery with a girl of her age."

Rutland gave a gloomy assent.

"Both she and he are treading on dangerous ground," he said presently, as he watched Ida and her lover sauntering along by the sea-wall, which enclosed the lower portion of the Rutlands' grounds. "Lathom is one of your slow-going men—in some things; but in a matter of that kind"—and he motioned towards Wray and Ida—"he'd be quick to act, once he knew that Wray had broken his pledge to him not to attempt to see the girl again without his consent. He'll break Master Maurice up like a cardboard box."

Mrs. Rutland gave a shiver. "What a thing to say, Tom! Surely you don't believe that there is anything so very serious—"

"I believe that Ida Lathom is a fool—a young, pretty, and deceitful fool, with little or no sense of gratitude to the man who idolises and trusts her too implicitly. I daresay, Rose, that if she had a sterner and less generous man for a guardian she would not have come into contact with a man like Wray, who has about as much principle in him as a rat. Underneath all that happy-go-lucky, innocent style of his there is a power of wickedness, and it strikes me that this money that he has had left him won't do him much good. Cards and—the attractions of the fair sex will soon finish his money if they don't finish him. However, he is leaving the Service—so he tells me—and I don't suppose he'll stay in Australia longer than he can help."

"How much money was left him?"

"About thirty thousand or so. The first thing he did, I know, after he got the news of his brother's death was to raise a thousand pounds from old Lamont, the ship-broker. About half of it went to pay his gambling debts, and the other half won't trouble him long. I can fancy old Lamont sitting in his filthy little den in Queen Charlotte Place, and rubbing his hands in expectation of a second visit from our gallant young friend. And that second visit won't be long deferred, I imagine, as Wray was playing with Feilding and some others like him last night. Of course he won pretty heavily—Feilding and that thundering scamp of a Macartney took care of that. They are only casting bread upon the waters—to get it back seventy-fold."

"Surely Colonel Macartney and Mr. Feilding would not lead him on to play?"

"Lead him! He doesn't want any leading, and he thinks he's as smart as they are. Macartney is a pretty shady fellow, and left the Company's service in India somewhat hurriedly, I am told: in fact he and Feilding will rook Wray to a dead certainty. And he deserves it; but I daresay he would rook them if he knew how to do it." And then the Commissary walked off to the rest of his guests.



Too absorbed in each other's society even to think that they had been observed by their host and hostess, Ida and Wray took their way along the sea-wall till they reached a path thickly bordered on each side by shrubbery, and where they could not be discerned from the house. Then Wray drew her to him and kissed her passionately.

"Six months, Ida. Six long months since I last kissed you. . . . Come, there is a seat here, at the end of the walk, where we can at least have ten minutes' talk."

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, I am so frightened that someone may come. And yet I am not frightened. But I have been so unhappy, and now almost the first thing I hear is that you are going away, and you never even wrote and told me."

"How could I, dearest, when I only heard of my luck a few days ago?" he replied, as, with his arm around her, he led her to the seat; "and then I heard from the Feildings that you would be in Sydney in a few days—"

"From the Feildings! Did you not get my letter, telling you that I was coming?"

"The last letter I had from you came to me a month ago, and you said nothing about your coming then."

The girl's face paled. "I do hope it has not been lost. I gave it to a settler's boy to post at Newcastle."

"Don't be distressed, Ida. It will turn up safely. I daresay it may be at my quarters at this moment; the mails from Newcastle are often very irregular. Now, listen to me, dearest. I have much to say to you, and yet, had you not come to Sydney, I could not have dared to have written it. Tomorrow, however, we must meet somewhere where we can be undisturbed. For the present"—and he drew her yielding figure to him again and kissed her—"I must be content with being with you for a few minutes, and to tell you what I suppose you have already heard—my brother has died and left me something like thirty thousand pounds."

"I am glad, Maurice, very glad for your sake—but I know what it means for me." And something like tears filled her eyes.

"It means—" And he put his lips to her ear and whispered a few words.

She looked at him and her hands trembled. "Not that, Maurice, not that. Much as I love you, do not ask me to do that." And then she wept in earnest. "Why not write to uncle and tell him of your good fortune, and ask him for me? It would be horrid for me to leave him without one word of farewell. He has had me with him ever since I was six years old. I have told him dreadful lies, but—but yet I know he loves me."

"It is impossible, dearest. Do you know what he said to me? 'I would rather see my niece die, or marry some ignorant but honest labourer than see her marry a man like you.' And he means it, darling. He will never give his consent. Surely, Ida, you will not send me away from you for ever! If you do, you would make yourself as unhappy as you would make me. There is no one in all the world so dear to me as you, Ida."

She pressed one hand to her eyes and made no answer, as Wray, speaking quickly, but in low, passionate tones, urged his love and devotion. And then he gently took her hand away, and made her look at him.

"Come, Ida, dearest, look up. I thought to see those dear eyes of yours lighten with joy at my news, instead of filling with tears. I know you love me, and will not send me away, to go to the deuce—as I shall if you cast me off."

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, you are very cruel to me! You know I have never loved anyone but you, and I am sure that uncle does not understand that you really do love me. But I am afraid, horribly afraid, to run away like a thief. It will break his heart."

Again the man pressed his suit—knowing full well that even if she said "No" at that time that on the morrow she would yield. And in his own selfish way he loved her.

"Oh, Maurice, let me go. I cannot talk, I cannot think now. It is such a terrible thing to do."

"Why 'terrible' dearest? Hundreds of people

situated as we are have done the same thing. A marriage performed by the master of a ship is as legal as if it were performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. You know that, don't you?"

"I have often heard that the captains in the East India Company's service have married people on the voyage."

"Of course they have!" And he caressed her cheek.

"Any merchant-ship captain can do the same. And neither of the two clergymen now in Sydney would dare to marry us before we leave, for the simple reason that they know the Governor and your uncle are great friends, and that his bluff Excellency would make it very hot for any parson—especially Marsbin, whom he hates—if he offended his pet, Captain Lathom, by marrying Miss Lathom to the graceless, wicked, gambling Lieutenant Wray. No, dearest; it would be useless my trying. Trust everything to me. As soon as we are on board the ship in which we leave we shall be married by the captain, and I shall so arrange matters that we shall

Ida also took care not to give cause for further comment, and left early in the evening, saying that she had not yet quite recovered from the fatigue of the journey from Waringa. She was escorted home to the Graingers' house on Dawes Point by Mr. Dugald McIvor, much to the delight of the guests generally.

"Not only the most beautiful, but the most compassionate of ladies," said the Commissary in a whisper to her as she bade him good-night.

"Why the 'compassionate'?" she asked, with a merry laugh, for she was wildly elated and excited, and knew that her beauty and vivacity had not only aroused the admiration of the men, but made nearly all the women jealous and resentful; and that, together with Wray's passionate declaration of love, which was still sounding in her ears and echoing in the poor little thing she called her heart, had given her a fictitious strength and gaiety.

"Because," said the Commissary (who had a great sense of humour) "you are taking away the

rufous-haired gentleman with the flute. I saw him looking for the thing about ten minutes ago, when you filled him with joy by accepting him as an escort. The flute is a direct incitement to murder to a fat old non-musical man like me, so I put it under the piano for two reasons. One was that I thought he might take it with him and offer to play to you and the Graingers for an hour or so—'tis a willing beast with its flute—and the other was that when he comes back here, after seeing you home, he won't be able to find it, and *we* shall escape."

Mrs. Rutland came up.

"Oh, Miss Lathom, I quite forgot to ask you—how did you like Mr. Lugard? He was at Waringa, was he not? Tom, here, has never ceased talking of him. He certainly is a very gentlemanly man—for a merchant seaman."

"I liked him very much indeed, Mrs. Rutland, and so does my uncle. He only stayed at Waringa for two days, and then resumed his journey to Port Macquarie. He is making some inquiries about some people named Ascott, and Uncle Fred is assisting him as much as he can."

Just then Mr. Marsbin, accompanied by Mr. Feilding, appeared. Feilding, who was an undersized, scrubby little man with protruding eyes and a vile, twisting mouth, was already somewhat unsteady on his feet, but contrived to bid Miss Lathom good-night without tripping over his own feet. Marsbin, who was a more seasoned and judicious toper, bent gracefully over the hand extended to him.

"Good-night, my dear Miss Lathom. Your early departure is, I know, necessitated by the fatigue you have undergone on your journey—or, may I be permitted to say, *our* journey, inasmuch as I had the extreme felicity of being honoured by your worthy uncle for your safe conveyance to Sydney. And I am rejoiced indeed to see that, despite that fatigue,

your bright eyes have lost none of their brilliancy, nor your fair cheeks any of the glow of youth and beauty. Hum, ha!"

Half an hour later Ida Lathom was in her bed-room, where Helen was awaiting her.

"Oh, Helen, I am so tired, and yet I don't feel a bit sleepy. I have had such a delightful evening. And you too, Helen! How nice you look to-night! Sometimes you look quite pretty—you really do. And ever since we left Waringa you have seemed so different, and so much more contented."

Helen turned her dark, quiet eyes upon her mistress. "I am much more contented, Miss, for I feel much happier."

"Why, Helen? Do tell me. Tell me when you are doing my hair. Have you a lover in Sydney? You can trust me, Helen. Every woman—that is a young and pretty woman—must have a lover. Don't you think so, Helen?"

"I have no lover, Miss. But I am very happy now."

"Of course you are, now you are away from Waringa. Helen, I hate, I hate Waringa. Now do my hair."

(To be continued.)



"Every woman—that is a young and pretty woman—must have a lover."

not be on board until the evening before the ship sails. Thank heaven, I have plenty of money. 'Twill be a marine Gretna Green elopement—without the pursuit."

"Ah, Maurice—is there no other way?"

"None, dearest, none. Trust to me."

He stopped, for the sound of voices came from somewhere near them. "Now go back, dearest; and you must let me know this evening where I shall see you, my darling, to-morrow."

"I shall be alone all to-morrow afternoon," she whispered, as she rose. "I am staying with the Graingers, and know they are going to Parramatta in the morning. They asked me to go with them, and I would not promise, as of course I wanted to see you first. I shall say I have a headache and stay at home. They won't be back till six o'clock."

A few minutes later they strolled leisurely back to the house, and mixed with the other guests, and during the remainder of the evening Lieutenant Wray devoted himself assiduously to old Miss Jeannette McIvor and other elderly spinsters, for he was acute enough to see that Mrs. Rutland evidently had some suspicion that this meeting with Ida was prearranged.



## THE POPE'S OBSEQUIES: CEREMONIES PRELIMINARY TO EMBALMING AND BURIAL.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE VATICAN.



THE PUBLIC LYING-IN-STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

*The body, robed in full Pontifical vestments, the head crowned with a golden mitre, was borne on July 23 to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament by the twelve bearers who had so often carried their master through St. Peter's in the Sedia Gestatoria. The Noble Guards flanked the procession. When the Lying-in-State closed on July 25, 350,000 persons had paid homage to the dead Pontiff. The ceremony of kissing the toe was not observed.*



THE CEREMONY OF SEALING UP THE POPE'S VISCERA IN A TERRA-COTTA URN.

*Previous to the operation of embalming, the physicians removed the late Pontiff's viscera, and, according to custom, an apostolic notary sealed them up in an urn, which was afterwards deposited in the parish church of Saints Vincent and Anastasius.*



## THE OBSEQUIES OF POPE LEO XIII.: A PRELIMINARY LYING-IN-STATE.

DRAWN AT THE VATICAN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ROME.

Penitentiars at Prayer.

A Secret Chamberlain.

Garde Noble.

Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword.



THE POPE'S REMAINS LYING BEFORE THE THRONE IN THE THRONE ROOM AT THE VATICAN.

*The late Pontiff's face was extraordinarily pale, transparent, and thin. On the head was a red cap trimmed with ermine. A crucifix was placed in the hand, and on the shoulders was a red mozzetta with the cross. Over the white robe was a white surplice with lace; the shoes bore the arms of St. Peter; the draperies were red, and the cushions of red velvet and gold.*



## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Memories of Vailima.* By Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne. (London: Constable. 3s. 6d.)

*The Fairy Bedmaker.* By George Rowe. (London: Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

*The Lyons Mail.* Adapted from the French of A. Excoffon by Robert Sherard. (London: Greening and Co. 6s.)

*The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb.* Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. I. Miscellaneous Prose. (London: Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

*More Kin than Kind.* By Gerald Fitzstephen. (London: Methuen. 6s.)

*The British Case in French Congo: The Story of a Great Injustice, its Causes and its Lessons.* By Edmund D. Morel. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)

*Innocent of a Crime.* By Captain Paul Witt. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

*Chota Nagpore: a Little-Known Province of the Empire.* By F. B. Bradley-Birt, I.C.S. (London: Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d. net.)

*Toledo and Madrid.* By Leonard Williams. (London: Cassell. 12s. 6d.)

Mrs. Strong and Mr. Osbourne have compiled a little volume of memories which recall the many-sided personality of their distinguished kinsman who sleeps in Samoa. We have a pleasant picture of Robert Louis Stevenson in his domestic life, and of the love and admiration which he drew, not from his family alone, but also from all who knew him, natives or visitors. There are pathetic little touches in Mrs. Strong's diary. Stevenson was dictating "St. Ives" to her, and when the weakness of his chest made it too dangerous for him to speak he carried on the dictation in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet with unflagging spirit. A visit to Sydney produced an amusing adventure in a book-store, where the clerk, recognising Stevenson, was anxious to show him the "best authors" then in stock, and was indignant to find him purchasing blood-and-thunder fiction like "The Son of a Countess" and "Miriam the Avenger." There was an old bootblack who shouted after him, "Mr. Stevenson, I have read all your works!" Bits of his table-talk are worth pondering by young writers who want to know the real importance of words. There is a strain of egoism in all this; but it is never aggressive or self-sufficient. A happier household never adored a man of letters. What genius was ever known before to write little poems about his womankind, and pin them to the curtains? There are delightful glimpses of Stevenson's almost patriarchal rule over his dependents; and it is no wonder that they all worshipped him. The most charming thing in the book is Mrs. Strong's sketch of the little native boy, who, when his ears were pierced for the earrings that he craved, was asked if the needle hurt him. "My father is a soldier," he said. Altogether a delightful volume; and as we read it the spirit of Stevenson seems to be turning the leaves.

It is to be questioned whether any man is wise to write fantastically unless he really cannot help himself. "The Fairy Bedmaker" is a case in point; for although Mr. George Rowe has undeniably a sort of rudimentary humour, he lacks the delicate, subtle elements necessary for success in a work of this sort. But although this is true of his story as a whole, it is only fair to add that there are several incidents which, taken individually, are really funny in their own way. The Fairy Bedmaker, when not exercising her peculiar powers, is laundress to a virtuous young gentleman in chambers in the Temple. He has a partner, an office-boy, a *fiancée*, and a rival, and the fun lies in the fact that before each and all of these people he is made to appear in a highly ridiculous light. Neither do his friends escape, for the old lady is a quick-change artist, and William the virtuous takes the form of his jocose partner, or of the office-boy, and vice-versa. The result may be better imagined than described. But in the end the Fairy Bedmaker's power is broken. For six months she has been more or less in quiescence, but reappears when William has led his bride to the altar, and takes her form; but when William, in a moment of inspiration, forgetful of his surroundings, requests her to stick to her dusting and sweeping and polishing, and do *that* a little better, the spell is broken: "No more fairy games for Emma Chifney," whose powers, she is careful to explain, were limited to the strictly possible.

The courier of the Lyons Mail was murdered in 1796, and among the men who were guillotined for this crime was Joseph Lesurques. The story that he was innocent, and that he suffered for his fatal resemblance to a scoundrel named Dubosc, is familiar to a generation which has seen Sir Henry Irving play Lesurques and Dubosc in Charles Reade's version of the French drama, "Le Courier de Lyons." For many years the Lesurques family strove to obtain a legal vindication of his memory, but without success. In the book which Mr. Sherard has translated and edited the great-grandson of the murdered courier makes out a strong case against Lesurques. It is clear that the man bore an indifferent character, that he was well acquainted with some of his fellow-prisoners, that he was deeply in debt, and, after the robbery of the Lyons mail, had come suddenly into possession of large means. Five years after his execution his innocence was attested by Dubosc when under sentence of death for various crimes. Dubosc asserted that he had murdered the courier. On the other side it is stated that there could have been no mistaken identity, as Dubosc bore no resemblance to Lesurques, and that he was bribed with a large sum of money, settled on a woman to whom he was much attached. Mr. Sherard points out that Courriol, one of the gang who attacked the Lyons Mail, persistently asserted the innocence of Lesurques, and it is not alleged that he had anything to gain. The mystery remains, and is good reading.

Even the most ardent Elian must have felt some little surprise at the number of works dealing with Lamb that have lately taken their place on the bookseller's shelf. Whether a sudden demand is necessitating the exceptional output or the publishers have combined

to create a demand matters little. The fact remains to delight the student of "the very greatest name among prose writers since Montaigne." Both the scholar and the mere reader for pleasure owe a debt to Mr. E. V. Lucas for his edition of "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb"—the scholar for his minute and careful annotation, and the mere reader for pleasure for a thoroughly well arranged and complete collection of the essayist's work. The former will find the notes furnished by the editor full and clear; and if the latter—as Mr. Lucas himself half fears—deems them too numerous, he will doubtless recognise the knowledge and research that enabled their inclusion, and later also find entertainment in them. The present edition, which is to comprise seven volumes, claims several points of differentiation from its predecessors: it is the first to include a number of essays and poems hitherto unidentified or neglected, and the "Dramatic Specimens" and Garrick Extracts, and it promises a larger selection than usual of Mary Lamb's correspondence. The first volume, beginning with "Rosamund Gray," published in 1798, when the essayist was twenty-three, and ending with "Cupid's Revenge," of which the date is unknown, is devoted to Lamb's prose, of which it contains the whole with the exception of that written for children, his prose plays, his full notes in the "Dramatic Specimens" and Garrick Extracts, and his best-known work of all, the "Elia" essays. A few obvious misprints have been corrected, but otherwise the volume has been faithfully set-up from "The Works of Charles Lamb," 1818, and from various magazines and annuals. Eight pieces, including a criticism of G. F. Cooke in "Richard the Third," "The Confessions of H. F. V. H. Delamore, Esq.," first ascribed to Lamb by Mr. Bertram Dobell in his recently published book, and "Samuel Johnson, the Whig," are now placed in a complete edition of the essayist's work for the first time. Eighteen others are for the first time publicly identified as Lamb's. Four of these come from "The Examiner's" Table Talk; the six "Lepus" papers, which Mr. Lucas accepts from internal evidence and an allusion in Crabb Robinson's Manuscript Diary, appeared at various dates in "The New Times"; "Sir Thomas More" was published in "The Indicator," "Odes and Addresses to Great People" in "The New Times," and "A True Story" in "The Talisman"; "London Fogs" has, Mr. Lucas believes, never before been printed, and is taken from a manuscript volume, once the property of William Ayton, lettered "The Works of Charles Lamb, Vol. III.," and bound uniformly with the 1818 edition of the "Works." An Appendix contains various essays and notes which, although not certain to be Lamb's, may be attributed to him. Altogether this is a most satisfactory addition to the literature which has concerned itself with perhaps the best-loved essayist of his period.

Mr. Fitzstephen has written not exactly a novel with a purpose, but a novel designed to illustrate an idea. Ideas are not too common in fiction; but this particular idea, which may be crudely expressed in the formula that relations are a nuisance, is worked rather harder than it will stand. The notion seems to be that a family down in the world will hamper an aspiring individual; while a prosperous family will impose inconvenient obligations upon its members. And this general proposition, so far as it is not untrue, seems a trifle commonplace. Mr. Fitzstephen, however, succeeds in avoiding the obvious, partly by selecting as his examples two rather abnormal young men—a neurotic rich man, whose family impose upon him uncongenial political ambitions, and a brilliant Oxford don whose people are sunk in shabby gentility at Brighton. The engagement of the don to the neuro-path's sister supplies a somewhat artificial unity. The characters are drawn with considerable cleverness, but the author leaves it doubtful whether he is a cynic describing, with some malice, the world as he sees it, or whether he has failed to realise the essential unpleasantness of his puppets. To the vulgar people he is frankly merciless, but his heroine, the don's *fiancée*, is, we fancy, meant to appeal to readers. She does, in fact, deserve attention as the most successful presentation of cultivated selfishness in recent fiction. This is, perhaps, designed, but her inventor seems unconscious of her innate snobbishness. The book would gain by more conciseness, and would be pleasanter to read if the characters possessed more ordinary flesh and blood. Those of them who have brains use them merely for purposes of disbelief and egotism. The story is practically that of the don's engagement; it is thus an episode, and is overloaded by the appurtenances of an entire trilogy. The author has worked at a number of characters with a care which seems disproportionate to the slightness of the drama—or, shall we say, the inconclusiveness of the thesis.

The matters of which Mr. Morel treats in his new book are a sort of corollary to the real and alleged shortcomings of the Congo Free State. The latter philanthropic institution has, beyond question, falsified the intentions of its founders by granting monopolist concessions to Belgian companies in an area opened by treaty to international trade, and by allowing these companies to appropriate natural products, such as indiarubber, in complete disregard of the rights of the natives. The neighbouring colony of the French Congo, which we imagine has never paid its way (Mr. Morel might have examined this matter), has recently gone in largely for the concessionaire system for the benefit of companies nominally French but practically Belgian. The result is a disturbance of the vested rights of the British firms, which were the first to open up trade on the Ogowe. The French colonial courts have backed the concessionaires in their high-handed proceedings, which seem to include boycott of British trade and seizure of the property of British merchants. That is the British case in French Congo, and Mr. Morel puts it clearly and concisely, wisely avoiding any sweeping denunciation of France. He claims that the best French opinion admits the injustice

done to foreign traders and the defects of the concessionaire system. But the best French opinion does not seem to direct the actual conduct of affairs on the Congo. The book is, of course, an *ex-parte* statement; but it carries conviction. It is a pity that in one or two places its author falls into a gushing vein. We have no doubt that our merchants in French Congo are all that Mr. Morel says; but it is really unnecessary, when describing how, seeing their rights attacked, they took legal proceedings, to observe that "Englishmen sitting at home may well feel a thrill of pride at the performances of these obscure British merchants . . . who, notwithstanding every provocation . . . never lost their self-command, but confronted their enemies with dogged perseverance and calm courage. Men such as these are the fibre of the British Empire."

"Innocent of a Crime" is so strange a story that one wonders what possessed Captain Paul Witt to write it, unless his object was to expose certain weak points in French law. With the exception of an English family, the members of which are intensely devoted to one another, all the characters are French, and many of them extremely disagreeable. The hero, who is very brave and quick and resourceful in danger, is supposed to be a little weak in the brain, and distinguishes himself by falling in love with a beautiful but ineligible young woman. His father—an English Admiral—protests thus: "Your mother was my equal in birth and fortune. For generations we both trace an unsullied descent from military, naval, and judicial ancestors," and so forth. The story is full of such passages, and is less interesting than many a penny novelette; the style is jerky, and the narrative abounds in sudden changes of subject, which are most bewildering. Incidentally, curious statements occur, which are apparently written in all good faith. For instance, it is suggested that the Admiral's wife develops small-pox without contagion, simply through "curdling of the blood," owing to sudden trouble. The writer also believes in curses, for when Guy, having married the girl of his choice, tells his parents, the Admiral utters various maledictions on her and her intriguing parents, and these, we are to believe, are at the root of most of the troubles which follow. This book will scarcely appeal to English readers.

Mr. Bradley-Birt, a young Indian civilian, has written a very readable book about his remote province, to which an introduction is contributed by Lord Northbrook, the only Viceroy who has visited Chota Nagpore. The territory is almost as unknown to the historian as to the globe-trotter. Lying between Bengal proper and the Central Provinces, it is off the main tracks. The inhabitants are for the most part of the old wild races which held India before the coming of the Hindu, Kols, Santals, and the like, whose leading families have gradually come to claim Hindu descent. "It is about as near as one can get to-day to primitive India," says its chronicler. It has been British territory for nearly one hundred and forty years; before our annexation it was a practically unknown region of jungle, where aboriginal tribes lived unmolested except by tigers and each other. To the student of folklore the country is of considerable interest; but politically and economically, it offers little material to the historian. Probably less has been written about it than about any other region of its size in India. There was a small rising of the Munda Kols, easily quelled, a few years ago; there is a Dublin University Mission doing excellent work, there is the Jain sacred place of Parasnath, and there are coalfields of growing importance. The scenery is attractive, but nowadays there is not much sport to be had. In fact, a good many junior civilians or officers would be considerably bored in such a station, and Mr. Bradley-Birt is to be congratulated on having made such good use of his leisure as this book shows. It is much too slight to be of value to the ethnologist, and it contains no statistics, but the author writes pleasantly and has a happy knack of description. The chapters on the Crowning of a Raja and on Memories of the Mutiny (which touched Chota Nagpore only by a sort of backwater) are particularly to be recommended. Those who take an unscientific interest in odd legends will find much to attract them.

It would not be wise to offer a ready welcome to a book with the title "Toledo and Madrid." Hannah Lynch, Major Martin Hume, Charles Wood, are but a few of the names we connect with recent works covering the same ground, and at this time of day very little that is new remains to be said. Fortunately there are some twice-told tales that are by no means tedious, and Mr. Leonard Williams, author of the present volume, knows Spain and the Spaniards so well that his latest work bids fair to be as popular as his "Land of the Dons." Long residence in Spain may be responsible in part for a style that is too flamboyant to be accepted readily; but it must be admitted that Mr. Williams has selected for description the most picturesque incidents in the past and present history of the cities he writes about. Special praise is due to his account of Madrid in the days of Philip IV., when Velasquez lived and wrought, though we think he is unduly severe in his criticism of the monarch and his advisers. Throughout his narrative of the history of Toledo and Madrid Mr. Williams has sought to find interesting facts that have escaped the notice of British or French historians, and his intimate acquaintance with the language has given him opportunities denied to his touring brethren of the pen who hurry through Spain collecting the material that lies nearest to hand and believing all they are told. Moreover, Mr. Williams is enamoured of his subject; he has responded to the charm of a country that remains one of the most fascinating in the world, despite misfortunes—perhaps, indeed, on account of them. He closes his work without any study of the political situation, and for this relief we owe, and pay, much thanks. "Toledo and Madrid" has some interesting photographs, and is very handsomely bound.



# THE OBSEQUIES OF POPE LEO XIII.: THE PRELIMINARY BURIAL.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE VATICAN.



HOISTING THE COFFIN INTO THE LOCULUS OVER THE DOOR OF THE CHAPEL OF THE CHOIR OF THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER.

*After the Pope's body had been solemnly encoffined and sealed up, it was raised to its provisional resting-place with pulley and windlass. The work had not been well rehearsed, and was accomplished with infinite difficulty amid much unseemly shouting and confusion. So prolonged was the operation that the choir, whose duty it is to chant "I am the Resurrection and the Life" during the ceremony, had to repeat the anthem four times. In the loculus the body of Pius IX. formerly reposed.*



THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE EMIR OF KANO AND SCENES OF NATIVE LIFE.



THE DEFEATED RULER: THE EMIR OF KANO AND HIS WIVES.



A DESPOT IN CAPTIVITY: THE EMIR ON HIS FAVOURITE HORSE.



PRIMITIVE IRON-WORKING: A NATIVE FOUNDRY AT TOUEDIGAM.



THE PLACE OF THE EMIR OF KANO'S IMPRISONMENT:  
THE BRITISH CAMP AT ILLELA.



SLAVERY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:  
A MANACLED WOOD-CARRIER.



# THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: THE RECEPTION OF PUBLIC BODIES.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN DUBLIN.



THE SCENE IN ST. PATRICK'S HALL DURING THE PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO HIS MAJESTY, JULY 22.

*The Queen first received a number of nurses, on whom she conferred badges; and then eighty-two addresses were presented by religious, academic, civic, and commercial bodies.*





THE QUEEN ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY IN IRELAND: HER MAJESTY VISITING THE HOSPICE FOR THE DYING AT HAROLD'S CROSS, DUBLIN, JULY 24.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN DUBLIN.

*The Queen was received by the Archbishop of Dublin and by Mother Gertrude Chamberlaine, Mother Superior of the Hospice. Her Majesty visited the wards, distributing flowers and speaking kind words to the sufferers.*



THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: SCENES OF THE VISIT.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY: THE SCENE OUTSIDE TRINITY COLLEGE, JULY 22.—[Photo. Lawrence.]

THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY BARRACKS, PHOENIX PARK, JULY 24.

YOUNG IRELAND AND THE QUEEN: THE PRESENTATION OF BOUQUETS BY TWO BAREFOOTED CHILDREN IN PHOENIX PARK, JULY 25.—[Drawn by H. W. Koekkoek from a Photograph.]

THE VISIT TO MAYNOOTH, JULY 24: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING THE COLLEGE.—[Photo. Lafayette.]

THE REVIEW IN PHOENIX PARK, JULY 23: THE NAVAL BRIGADE MARCHING PAST.—[Photo. Lafayette.]



# THE KING AND QUEEN IN IRELAND: THE ROYAL VISIT TO ALEXANDRA COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM SKETCHES BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN IRELAND.



HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS WHITE, THE LADY PRINCIPAL, ON HER DEPARTURE.

*The Queen visited Alexandra College for Ladies during the progress of the King's Levée on July 22. Her Majesty, who was greeted by a special version of the National Anthem, sung by pupils and former pupils, presented the prizes and certificates to the students.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## A HEALTH CONSCIENCE.

Recently a most interesting address was delivered in the capital of the North by Dr. T. S. Clouston, President of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh. He dealt with the relations of medical corporations to the public weal. He was emphatic in his declaration that, aided by medical bodies, the people could be made to develop "a health conscience." By this title Dr. Clouston implies a realisation of a practical kind of the duties the people owe to themselves and to their neighbours in respect of cultivating a knowledge, and, what is much more to the point, an observance of the laws of health.

It is curious to note how developments of public spirit, rapid and complete, may take place in many phases of human life other than those which are devoted to the prevention of disease, to the prolongation of life, and to the increase of the sum-total of human happiness and prosperity. Somebody thinks we ought to have "Protection"; in a moment the fiery cross of the politicians is lighted, and the fight waxes bold and strong. Some other person thinks he should not pay rates for a system of education whereof he disapproves; and over an education measure the bonfires blaze. You may create a revolution in politics in half an hour, and throw out a Government in less time. All these things are political in significance. But if you propose health measures of a sweeping character, which all recognise as necessary, or if you suggest that a Minister of Health would be a desirable addition to the advisory authority of the Government, you will be as one crying in the wilderness.

There may be a reason for this great difference in the conduct of affairs political and matters sanitary. Politics is everybody's business, of course. The man in the street has a right to express the opinions he has formed (by aid of the newspapers), and as everybody else has opinions and likes to air them, this discussion of politics becomes as natural a topic of every day as the weather forms the usual initiatory subject of conversation. There is a tremendous amount of journalistic energy expended in politics, and necessarily so, and the education of the people in Parliamentary work is therefore of singularly complete kind. Therefore, if we wish to rouse the national conscience in respect of health affairs, and to stir up a great movement which shall give to the nation many apostles and disciples of Hygeia, it is clear one can hardly expect the newspapers to aid greatly in the work.

Not that the Press is unwilling to devote space to the teaching of health-laws. Nobody knows better than I do that editors are singularly willing to ventilate sanitary affairs, only they cannot make a national thing of this kind of education, and the technical journals devoted to the exposition of sanitary science are not read by, and probably would not be "understood of the people." Dr. Clouston thinks of a health mission conducted on John Wesley's lines. He preached 200,000 sermons and travelled 300,000 miles—we all know with what success. But then the time was ripe for revival of this kind, and every preacher, besides, is not a Wesley. I have repeatedly said in my George Combe Trust Lectures (which for the last twenty-five years I have had the honour of delivering) that if we want to get at the slums we should require an organisation on the lines of the Salvation Army.

Still the great mass of the nation want raising to a sense of the importance of health. The recent tales of physical degeneration to which we have been compelled to listen are alone evidence of our need of influences which shall counteract national decay. People would more gladly and willingly pay rates for health purposes if their training included a knowledge of what an improved environment implies. Again, as Dr. Clouston points out, the awakening of personal reflections about one's own health would ensure greater happiness to us as individuals. Knowledge of foods and drinks and their relative values could only benefit us, and would make largely for an increase in temperance. Facts about exercise, clothing, and the like would also teach us many things of advantage to us; and every householder should know sufficient about drainage to ensure that his domicile is safe to live in. Then, if even he has to "leave that to the plumber," he would at least know if that artisan did his duty.

Dr. Clouston, as I have said, thinks the medical corporations might do a great deal to awaken the health-conscience of the nation. He would have health committees of medical men appointed, and these committees would communicate with public health officers, clergymen, teachers, public bodies, and so forth, with the view of organising the teaching of health in what at present are unoccupied fields. In a word, Dr. Clouston seeks to organise primarily a medical supervision, and to institute a coalition of this supervision with agencies which shall teach the people. I have my doubts regarding my friend's scheme. It is excellent in intent and philanthropic in its idea, but is it feasible or workable? Existing agencies, health-societies in big towns, the Combe Trust, and like bodies are all doing excellent work. Is it to be thought that the medical corporations will organise better means than those which now occupy the field? We require more agencies, more health-teaching certainly; but had I my will I should make Town Councils and County Councils provide it all. Some of them are doing good work in this direction now.

One last word to Dr. Clouston. Why not teach health-laws in every school? If you did, and neglected no pupil, allowed none to leave school without some elementary knowledge of health, would not this largely solve the whole difficulty? You would here bend your twig, and thereby ensure, as truly as you may, the healthy growth of your tree.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

G. BAKKER (Amsterdam).—Thanks for problems, which shall have attention.

L. DESANGES.—Additional problem duly received.

T. WILLIAMSON (York).—The reason why the move you mention cannot be made is that Black would uncover check to his King if the Knight were moved.

F. C. W. (Colombo). The solution is 1. Q to Kt 8th, followed by 2. Q to R 7th, etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3082 and 3083 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3087 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and Josef Choutka (Prague); of No. 3088 from Josef Choutka (Prague), Shadforth, A. G. Bagot (Dublin), Charles Burnett, A. Belcher (Wycombe), and George Fisher (Belfast); of No. 3089 from Herbert A. Salway, A. Belcher (Wycombe), A. G. (Pancsova), and Basil Tree (Camberwell).

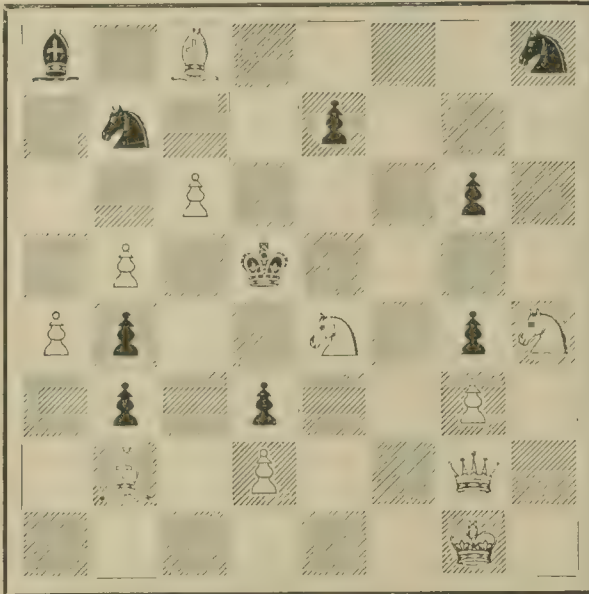
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3090 received from F. Henderson (Leeds), L. Desanges, Charles Burnett, G. R. Clelland (Stratford), Captain Spencer, Shadforth, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Paul E. W. Maschke (Crowthorne), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. J. S. (Hamstead), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), T. S. N. (Bristol), Martin F., E. J. Winter Wood, T. Roberts, Clement C. Danby, Hereward, W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Albert Wolff (Putney), W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), G. C. B. Sorrento, Thomas H. Knight (Greenwich), A. R. Bates (Wandsworth), H. Le Jeune, R. Worters (Canterbury), C. J. Costeloe (Aberystwyth), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), A. Belcher (Wycombe), Thomas Wetherell (Manchester), Reginald Gordon, and T. Miles (Brighton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3089.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to K 6th K to K 5th  
2. Q to R 5th Any move  
3. Q mates.  
If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. Q to B 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3092.—By MAX FEIGL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following problem is the composition of ISIDOR GROSS.

White: K at K B 2nd, Q at Q R 8th, Rs at Q B 6th and K 6th, B at K K 4th (ch), P at K B 4th.  
Black: K at Q 4th, Kts at Q 3rd and Q Kt 4th.  
White mates in two moves.

## CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between MESSRS. PILLSBURY and MIESE.

(King's Knight's Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	18. P takes B	Q takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. B takes P	Q takes P
4. P to K 5th	Kt to R 4th		
5. Kt to B 3rd			

B to K 2nd is the book continuation, but the early development of the Queen's Knight is a noticeable feature of this tournament.

5. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. Q to K 2nd	Kt to B 5th
6. B takes B	P takes B	21. Q to Q 2nd	P to K Kt 4th
7. B takes B	P takes B	22. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K 7th (ch)
8. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	23. Q takes Kt	P takes Kt
9. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to K 2nd
10. P to K Kt 4th		25. K R to Kt sq	Q to K 6th (ch)

A bold sacrifice, which opens the way to a vigorous attack. Black has little choice of moves hereabout.

10. Pts P (en pass.)		26. K to Kt sq	Kt to B 2nd
11. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K 3rd	27. Q R to K B sq	Kt takes B
12. P takes P	Q to K 2nd	28. Q takes Kt	Q R to K sq
13. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to Q sq	29. R to Q sq	
14. B to K 3rd	R to K Kt sq		
15. Castles Q R	P to K R 3rd		
16. K Kt to K 4th	Q to Kt 2nd		

If P takes Kt the reply would be R takes Kt.

The combinations here are very interesting, but always find White with something in reserve.

29. Q to R 7th (ch)	Q takes P
30. K R to B sq (ch)	K to B 3rd
31. K R to K 4th	Q to B 4th
32. R takes Q (ch)	P takes R
33. R to Q 7th	P to B 5th
34. Q to B 7th (ch)	Resigns.

Black has made a clever fight, but the position of his King was obviously his weak point, and retreat is now finally cut off.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the annual match between the Manhattan and Franklin Chess Clubs.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C. S. Martinez).	BLACK (Mr. D. G. Baird).	WHITE (Mr. C. S. Martinez).	BLACK (Mr. D. G. Baird).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. R takes P	P to Kt 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	22. R to R 7th	Q to Kt 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	23. P takes P	R takes Q
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	24. Q takes Q	R takes Q
5. Castles	B to K 2nd	25. B to R 4th	
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B		
8. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
9. K takes P	B to Q 2nd		
10. P to K R 3rd	P to B 4th		
11. K Kt to K 2nd	Castles		
12. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to Kt sq		
13. P to Kt 3rd	Q to B sq		
14. B to Kt 2nd	Q to Kt 2nd		

The play is very even but we are disposed to think time is lost with these operations of the Queen, as they have no attacking value.

15. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	26. R takes P	P to Kt 4th
16. P takes Kt	Q R to K sq	27. R to R 7th	Q to Kt 3rd
17. Kt to R 5th	P to K B 3rd	28. P takes P	R takes Q
18. R to K sq	B to O sq	29. Q takes Q	R takes Q
19. Q to B 3rd	Q to Kt 5th	30. B to R 5th	
20. B to B 3rd	Q to K R 5th		
21. Kt to B 4th			

Here the turn comes in White's favour.

Once the Knight reaches K 6th the defence must be difficult.

21. K to B 2nd	
22. Kt to K 6th	R to K Kt sq
23. R to K 4th	Q to R 3rd
24. Q R to K sq	B takes Kt
25. P takes B (ch)	K to B sq
26. R to R 4th	

If now P to K 7th (ch), B takes P; 27. R takes B, R takes R; 28. Q to R 8th (ch), K to B 2nd; 29. R takes R (ch), K takes R; 30. Q takes R, winning a piece, but leaving a perpetual check in the hands of the Black Queen.

26. P to Kt 4th	
27. R takes P	Q to Kt 3rd
28. R to R 7th	P to Kt 5th
29. P takes P	Q takes P
30. Q takes Q	R takes Q
31. B to R 5th	

The winning move. The White forces have been most skilfully handled by one of the most promising of young American players.

31. R to K 2nd	
32. R to R 8th	R to K sq
33. R takes B	Resigns.

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## IRELAND AND THE KING.

The Irish people seem to bewilder their English neighbours even more by their good qualities than by their less satisfactory traits. To those of us who know Ireland the doubts expressed on this side of the Channel as to the probability of any particular royal visit turning out successful are somewhat amusing, and at the same time a little disappointing; for, whenever the Sovereign has appeared in Ireland, the old traditions of courtesy and hospitality have been far too strong for political bitterness or discontent. If Englishmen were more accustomed to visit the sister country they would know that patriots who habitually express the most insular and provocative sentiments with that ornateness of rhetoric attainable by the Celt alone, are perfectly charmed to see them and talk to them. It is not that the Nationalist sentiments are insincere; the fact is that Irishmen can and do distinguish between individuals and systems, and that men who honestly believe that England has for centuries been a systematic oppressor are quite conscious that Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson are not personally responsible for those centuries. And, unless the English visitor assumes a gratuitous air of superiority, he will meet in Ireland with a friendliness to which he is not accustomed when he leaves his native suburb. If this is the case with ordinary individuals, it is not surprising that the King and Queen should be heartily greeted. It would be folly to expect the genuine enthusiasm which their visit has awakened to be adopted as the permanent Irish attitude towards existing institutions. Still, a series of political events, which need not be discussed here, have undoubtedly given birth in Ireland to a new feeling towards the predominant partner.

It is to be hoped that his Majesty will often renew his visit. The fact that Queen Victoria was for a great part of her reign a mere name to her Irish subjects was in every sense lamentable, for the visit which, of her own initiative, she paid to Dublin three years ago proved how warm was the feeling which the presence of a revered Sovereign could evoke in Ireland. Her Majesty won all Irish hearts by her tribute to her Irish troops (for it would be difficult to find a Fenian who is not secretly proud of the Dublin Fusiliers), and her son is known to have inherited his mother's gifts of tact and grace. King Edward has always been believed by his Irish subjects to take a special interest in Ireland, and anyone who read the Irish papers during his Majesty's illness last year knows how intense was the sympathy then aroused. Apart from the present Sovereign's personality, the Irish are essentially a monarchical race. They have always cared more for persons than for abstract causes; they have always had a kind of artistic sense, which keenly appreciates the splendour and ceremonial that surround a throne. Many Lords-Lieutenant have been personally popular; but, after all, a Viceroy is the nominee of a political party, and cannot fill the place which the continued absence of the supreme head of the State has so long left vacant in Ireland.

The King and Queen are not strangers to the country, but the tour they are just finishing, embracing Dublin; Belfast, with its great industries; Londonderry, famous in story; the wild glens of the West; Galway, which may yet be the great port that it was, relatively speaking, three centuries ago; the exquisite scenery of Kerry; and last, "rebel Cork," placed at the head of the finest and most beautiful harbour in the kingdom, now, in its exhibition, proving that the indolent south is not really given up to lethargy—such a tour must be full of interest and must reveal something of the warm hearts of the Irish race. Ireland cannot be judged from the news in the papers—records of brawls and disturbances—any more than London can be understood by the foreigner who reads only the police reports. The kindness, the gaiety, tempered by a sadness which is seldom morose, which characterise the Irish peasantry are qualities which need personal acquaintance for due appreciation. The comic Irishman of the music-halls has given a very false idea of his country.

Is it too much to hope that the King's example will be widely followed, that a country which has unequalled charms of scenery, and which presents many attractions to sportsmen who do not mind working a little harder for their bag than the tenant of a Yorkshire moor or a Norwegian river is called to work, may at last become better known to the outer world? Irish history is so little read that few realise the number of tragic and romantic associations that attach to the ruined castles and abbeys; why then, let them learn! The tourists' agencies and the railway companies have provided excellent accommodation at moderate rates in villages surrounded with beautiful scenery, where twenty years ago the stranger could find no resting-place.

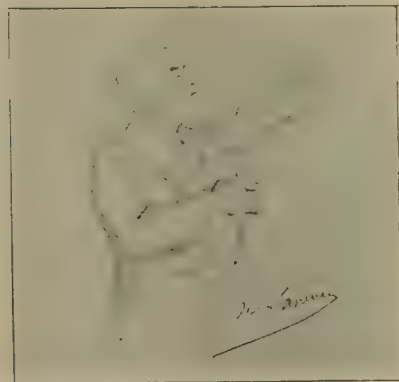
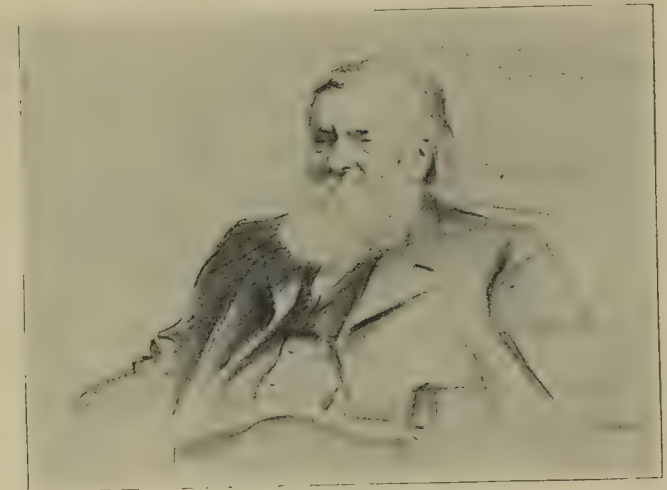
And yet we have it in our hearts to regret some aspects of the old condition. New hotels make for the increase of comfort, but the decay of humour. The Irish Boots or waiter of the old type made one acutely wretched with a suavity that disarmed criticism. Once, for instance, a visitor in an Irish hotel of the old sort, having given strict instructions to be called at seven, woke much later to find himself without hot water. In a fury he rang the bell. No answer. Again and again he rang. At last the Boots, having finished his gossip with the neighbours, sauntered up. "Did ye ring, Sir?" "Ring—I should think I did! I have been ringing for half-an-hour!" "Oh, indeed, Sir. Well, I'm sorry for that. What time might it be that ye began to ring?" "What time?" said the amazed Englishman, who had expected contrition, fussy apologies, anything but this bland politeness. "What time? I suppose about eight o'clock." "Oh, then indeed, Sir, ye've been ringing more than half an hour, for it's quarter to ten now!"

Requiescat! In his place reigns a spruce Swiss functionary. We breakfast punctually now, but something irreplaceable has gone from us!



# THE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND: THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' DINNER TO FRENCH SENATORS AND DEPUTIES.

DRAWN BY M. NOËL DORVILLE, SECRETARY TO THE DELEGATES.



FRENCH AND ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARIANS AT WESTMINSTER: THE BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS IN ENGLISH.

Nearly one hundred members of the International Arbitration group in the French Legislature were entertained on July 22 at the House of Commons by the Commercial Committee of the English Parliament. Sir William Houldsworth was in the chair. The portraits, reading from the left, are those of M. de Pressensé (the eminent French journalist), Lord Tweedmouth, M. Caillaux, Mr. Balfour, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant (leader of the deputation), Sir William Houldsworth, M. de Lanessan, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Chamberlain. In the immediate foreground is Mr. Sinclair, who organised the visit of the French Deputies. The pencil sketches which surround the Illustration were made by M. Dorville at the banquet, and were signed by the Deputies.





PRELIMINARIES TO THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: H.M.S. "POWERFUL" PREPARING FOR SEA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE MANŒUVRES.

*The preparation of a battle-ship for sea is the cause of much orderly confusion. The decks are cleared up and boats restowed. Our Artist was to have been accommodated on the "Powerful," but, as she broke down temporarily, he has been transferred to the "Spartiate." The torpedo operations will be the feature of the Manœuvres, and ninety-eight torpedo-boats and destroyers will take part.*

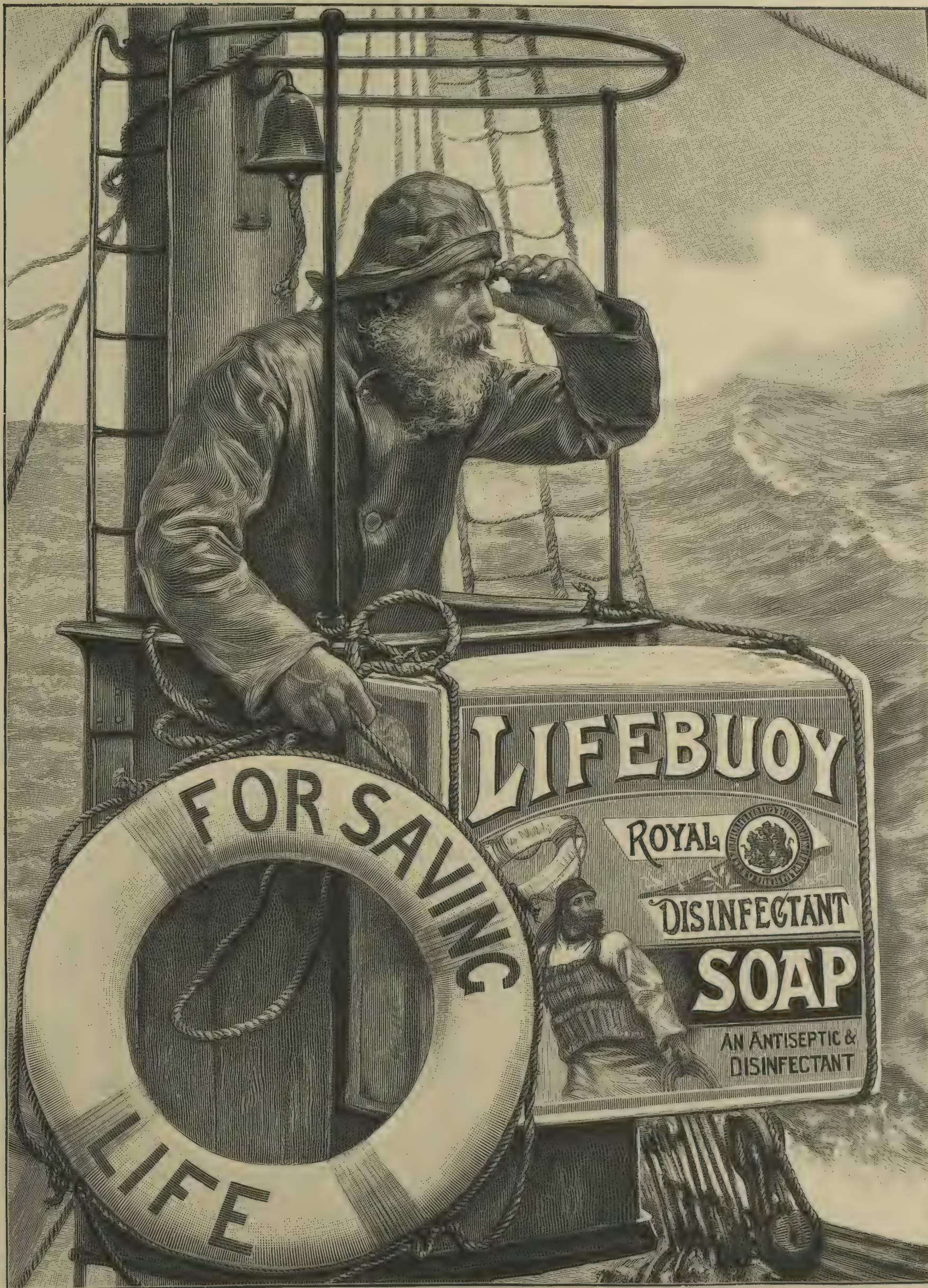


THE GOVERNMENT RELIEF OF THE ICE-BOUND "DISCOVERY": THE DUNDEE WHALER "TERRA NOVA."

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE DUNDEE SHIPBUILDERS' CO.

*The Government has purchased the steam-whaler "Terra Nova" for the relief of the "Discovery," and is engaged in fitting her for the expedition. She was built in 1884, and is on much the same lines as the vessel she is to relieve. Lieutenant Shackleton, of the "Discovery," is superintending the fitting-out.*





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## LADIES' PAGES.

During the first visit of King Edward VII. and his Consort, the Queen has worn mauve most of the time; she appears to have adopted that soft and becoming tint as her colour this year. White also formed the chief portion of her Majesty's toilette very often. The Countess of Dudley, who appears to have quite regained her health, generally wears white. The account that has been sent over to me of the gowns worn in Phoenix Park indicates that the Irish ladies honoured the occasion by dresses worthy of the smartest of London functions. Lady Dudley wore cream mousseline-de-soie embroidered in pink, the flounce headed with a deep gauging of pink soft silk; this latter material formed the crown of her Excellency's big picture-hat, with white embroidered muslin pleatings for the brim. The Countess of Erne had a very pretty gown of golden-brown silk muslin, much tucked and lace-inserted, and wore a toque trimmed with flowers shading from cream colour to flame. Lady Lurgan wore pale blue chiffon. Black Chantilly lace over rose-pink silk, trimmed at intervals with medallions of dainty pink roses raised in chiffon, with hat to match, was one handsome gown. Another was a "three-decker" of tabac voile laid over blue, each of the flounces edged with rather wide écarle lace, in its turn edged with close frillings of deep blue chiffon. A cinnamon-brown chiffon dress, gauged to form a yoke at the waist, and gauged again at the knee, and once more as a heading to the flounce, trimmed with medallions of lace laid over orange silk, was another smart toilette. A black gauze, painted with baskets of roses, laid over white chiffon, and having inserted downward lines of white lace, worn with a toque entirely of shaded red roses, was successful; and black chiffon spotted with white, placed over white glacé and relieved with a deep folded waistbelt of blue soft silk, was as pretty as it was simple. Smarter was a pale grey crêpe-de-Chine, embroidered by Irish workers with green rush-baskets filled with violets in tiny ribbon work of the natural colour, the baskets growing smaller to the waist and quite large around the train. This charming embroidery was scattered all over the skirt, but on the bodice it appeared only on the deep-flowing sleeves, plain crêpe-de-Chine, much pleated under a deep collar of Irish point, and set into a swathed belt of mauve silk, forming the rest of the corsage.

Their Majesties' Court in Dublin Castle was attended by a very large number of ladies who had in every case not been presented at a Court in England; and in addition to these, the leading members of the Irish aristocracy were specially invited, so that the Court was, as it should be, thoroughly Irish, and not a mere repetition of a London function. The Queen wore, perhaps, a more magnificent gown than even the



AN INDOOR DRESS OF CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

superb ones that have been seen this season on her graceful and stately figure at the English Courts. It was of white satin embroidered in gold, with real diamonds fixed all over, working into the design, and a magnificent train (carried by two pages in St. Patrick's blue dresses) of cloth-of-gold embroidered with gold, and falling from a high Medici collar of gold lace enriched with embroideries of the brightest gold. The front of the bodice was completely covered with diamonds, and instead of the little Imperial crown the Queen wore a becoming high diadem of diamonds set in the shape of Maltese crosses, which once belonged to Queen Victoria. Add to all this the ribbon and star of the Garter, and several other Orders, and the splendour of her Majesty's appearance may be imagined. In the royal party were Princess Victoria, in pale blue embroidered with silver; the Duchess of Connaught, in pale grey chiffon laid over satin, and with a train of grey brocaded velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers; and her eldest daughter, in white silk muslin beautifully embroidered, with a train of cloth-of-silver. The Countess of Dudley was in white chiffon and satin, with beautiful lace and embroideries in silver paillettes. Many of the ladies present patronised native industry for their Court gowns, especially in the form of the beautiful Irish lace, which in some of its varieties can compare with that of any foreign country. The Marchioness of Waterford wore a quantity of lovely Limerick lace, upon a dress of blue sun-ray mousseline-de-soie, and a train of white tucked chiffon, both of which were almost covered with the lace. The Hon. Mrs. Browne had a train entirely of beautiful Irish lace mounted on chiffon, and a skirt also completely veiled with the same dainty fabric falling over a frou-frou of chiffon flounces round the feet. Lady Roche wore both train and skirt of old Carrickmacross lace, which was partly decorated with *diamanté* and gold embroideries, and the train was supported on cloth-of-gold.

Handsome dresses at present absolutely demand magnificent jewels, and most ladies gladly patronise the artistic productions of the Parisian Diamond Company. Shopping by post is a feature of this invaluable company's business, and they send to intending purchasers, in order that they may make their selection, a handsome illustrated catalogue and price-list. Naturally, it is a delightful task to visit one of their London establishments and choose ornaments from the extensive and artistic stock in person. But when this is not possible, the selection of goods that they will send, aided by the catalogue, makes it feasible for ladies everywhere to take advantage of the fine taste and perfect finish of the Parisian Diamond Company's jewellery. Though pearls and diamonds are their speciality, they do excellently also in rubies, emeralds, and turquoises; the latter, especially set with Parisian diamonds, are most beautiful, and they are a remarkably becoming stone for fair women to wear. If you wish to see the catalogue you can write



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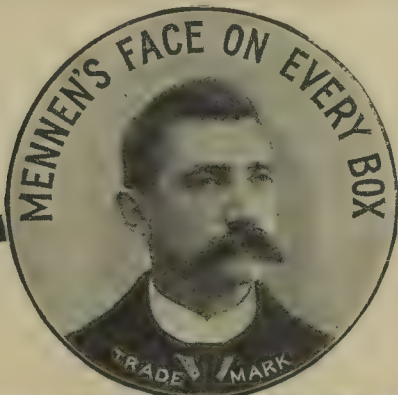
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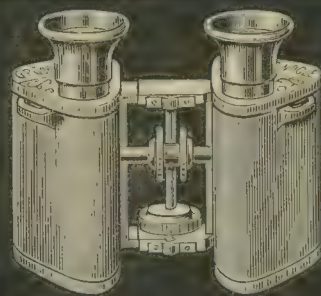
is a skilful blend of pure talcum or magnesium silicate and boracic acid. These two chemicals, being nonfermentable, cannot clog the pores of the skin, and so set up distressing eruptions which lead to much suffering. For this reason all vegetable *violet powders* should be rigidly avoided. Mennen's Talcum is recognised by all doctors as the best and safest skin powder known, on account of its purity and powerful antiseptic qualities. Instantly relieves prickly heat, chafing, sunburn, and all skin troubles. A necessity for Ladies' Toilet use—for the nursery, and for men after shaving. Relieves unhealthy perspiring feet.

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for it to either 143, Regent Street, or 85, New Bond Street, or to 37 and 43, Burlington Arcade.

Goodwood gowns have hardly been so striking a feature of the modistes' studios in the last days of the season as usual; but there have been some very smart ones made. Black and white still keeps its popularity, and was shown in the form of white batiste trimmed with lace insertion interthreaded with black velvet; and again in a dress of white mousseline-de-soie adorned with widely scattered black chenille pastilles, which were as large as a shilling round the foot of the gown and scarcely as big as a pea towards the waist. This dress was finished with a deep velvet waistbelt of turquoise blue and with a deep collar of mousseline-de-soie embroidered in black and turquoise silk, fixed on at each side of a narrow lace vest with a large flat rosette of turquoise velvet ribbon. A gown of pale yellow crêpe-de-Chine, to be worn with a deep black satin belt and a fichu of yellow mousseline-de-soie, was pretty; and so was a pale grey voile much inserted with white lace laid over amber glacé silk. A pale blue voile with deep swathed belt of blue-and-white striped ribbon, and a cape collar of Irish point, was simple yet distinguished. Another youthful-looking dress in striped pink and white canvas laid over deep pink, with black belt and white yoke and sleeve-puffs, attracted my admiration; and the big black hat trimmed with pink roses that went with it was an excellent finish. Foulard is no longer the height of fashion, yet many excellent gowns are still turned out in this fabric; and a grey and lavender-flowered one, with much lace inserted, was one of the best Goodwood designs.

Our Illustrations show an indoor gown and a promenade costume. The former is accordion-pleated white silk muslin or crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with lace in a graceful design. The other is a blue or dark coloured thin cloth, with Russian embroidery, the skirt laid over in narrow box-pleats, opening out round the feet. There is a white collar and vest brightened with gold buttons. A black hat and feather, or one of the same colour as the gown, completes the costume.

Linen blouses for the river and the seaside are eminently suitable, and it is almost a pity to see them becoming so much decorated, as is the case just now. Linen is a good material, as it neither creases nor soils very quickly; but when it is heavily embroidered in the Russian style, or trimmed with some very smart fancy passementerie, it ceases to be thoroughly useful. Tussore silk is a good material as it cleans by the chemical process excellently, and if carefully treated will even wash; while it is so light that on a hot day the comfort of it must be appreciated. Drawn-thread work—or, as it is sometimes called, hair-pin work, or

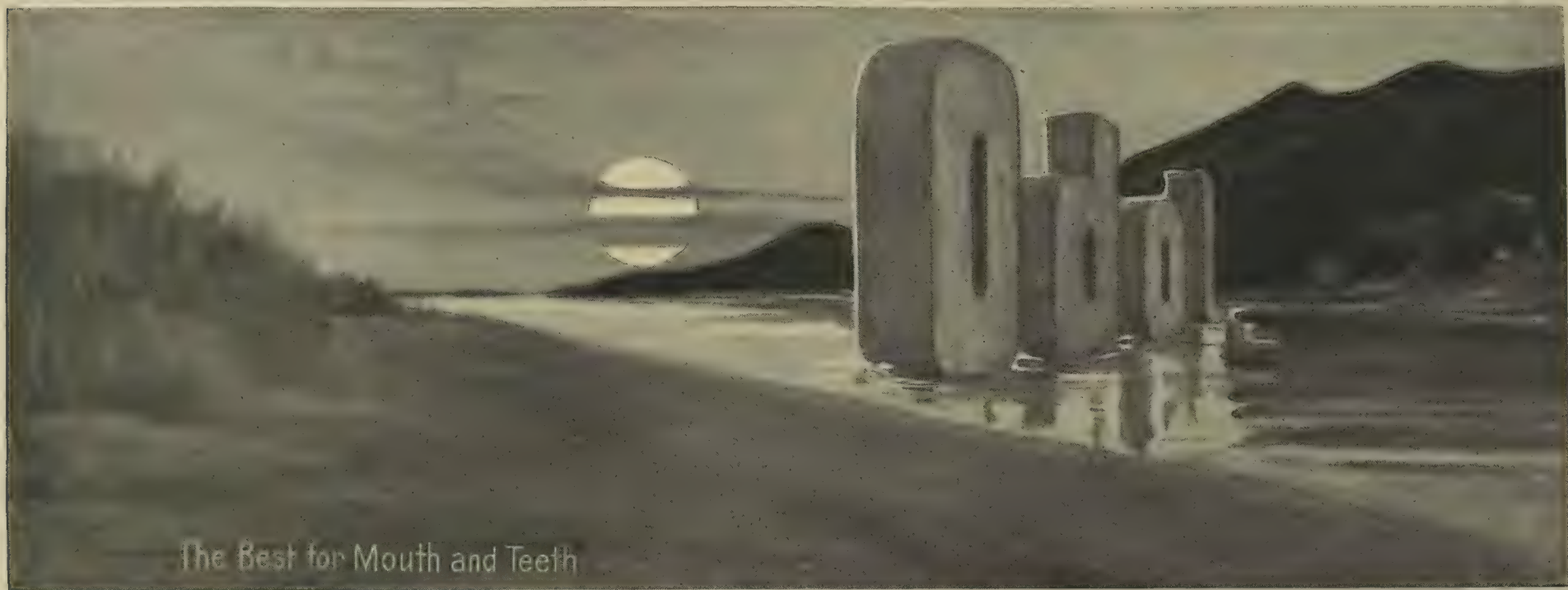


A WALKING COSTUME IN CLOTH.

*à jour* trimming—is very suitable for adorning either Tussore or linen. Nothing is more certain than that for boating or the morning on the beach at the seaside the simplest dress is the best.

By the way, an excellent adjunct to the outfit for river and seaside is some of the time-honoured toilet preparation known as Florida Water. It is deliciously fragrant, at the same time that it is cooling and refreshing, and then its use is beneficial to the complexion. A teaspoonful or two in the water used for washing the face prevents sunburn and relieves the smarting and drawn feeling that sea-bathing often causes, and leaves an exquisite lingering perfume.

There is no class of unfortunate people who appeal more thoroughly to our just sympathy than the blind. Their calamity is in no way their own fault, and to everybody who appreciates the intellectual life, the magnitude of the misfortune of loss of sight cannot be exaggerated. A certain degree of relief to the sorrow of not being able to read has been effected by the invention of Braille writing, by which books are copied by hand for reading by the blind at a much less cost than they can be printed in the raised, or Moon type, which at one time was the only way available of preparing books for the blind. There is now a circulating library for the blind, chiefly written in Braille. The library was founded in 1882, by a lady who had herself been blind from infancy, Miss Arnold. In this work she was aided by her devoted sister. This delightful library now contains nearly five thousand books; standard works of the best authors are copied out from all classes of literature, fiction, poetry, history, biography, travel, and science. Eighty unpaid volunteer writers of Braille, chiefly ladies, are continually at work for the library, while employment is given to a few blind persons as paid writers. To maintain and increase the number of the paid writers a fund has been formed, called after the treasurer of the library, Mr. Roderick Dow; while there is another special fund, named after the blind foundress, the Arnold Carriage Fund, the purpose of which is to pay the cost of conveying the books to and from blind readers who are not in a position to bear the expense of it entirely for themselves. Unfortunately the Braille writing spreads over a large space of paper. For example, one generous unpaid copyist has written out the whole of Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, and it occupies thirty-two good-sized volumes. The books are sent round in baskets specially manufactured for the purpose by the Hampstead Blind School. Any further information can be obtained from the secretary at the library, 114, Belsize Road, N.W.—FLORENA.



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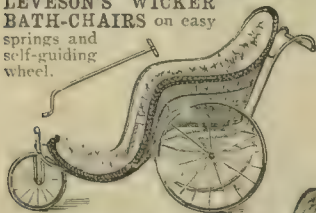
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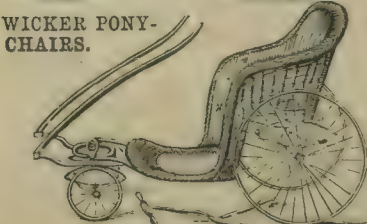
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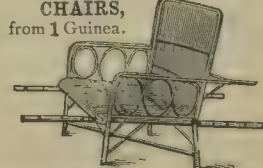
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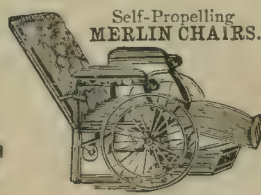
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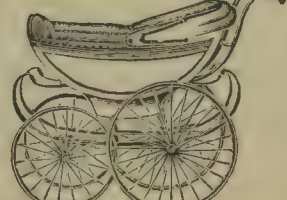
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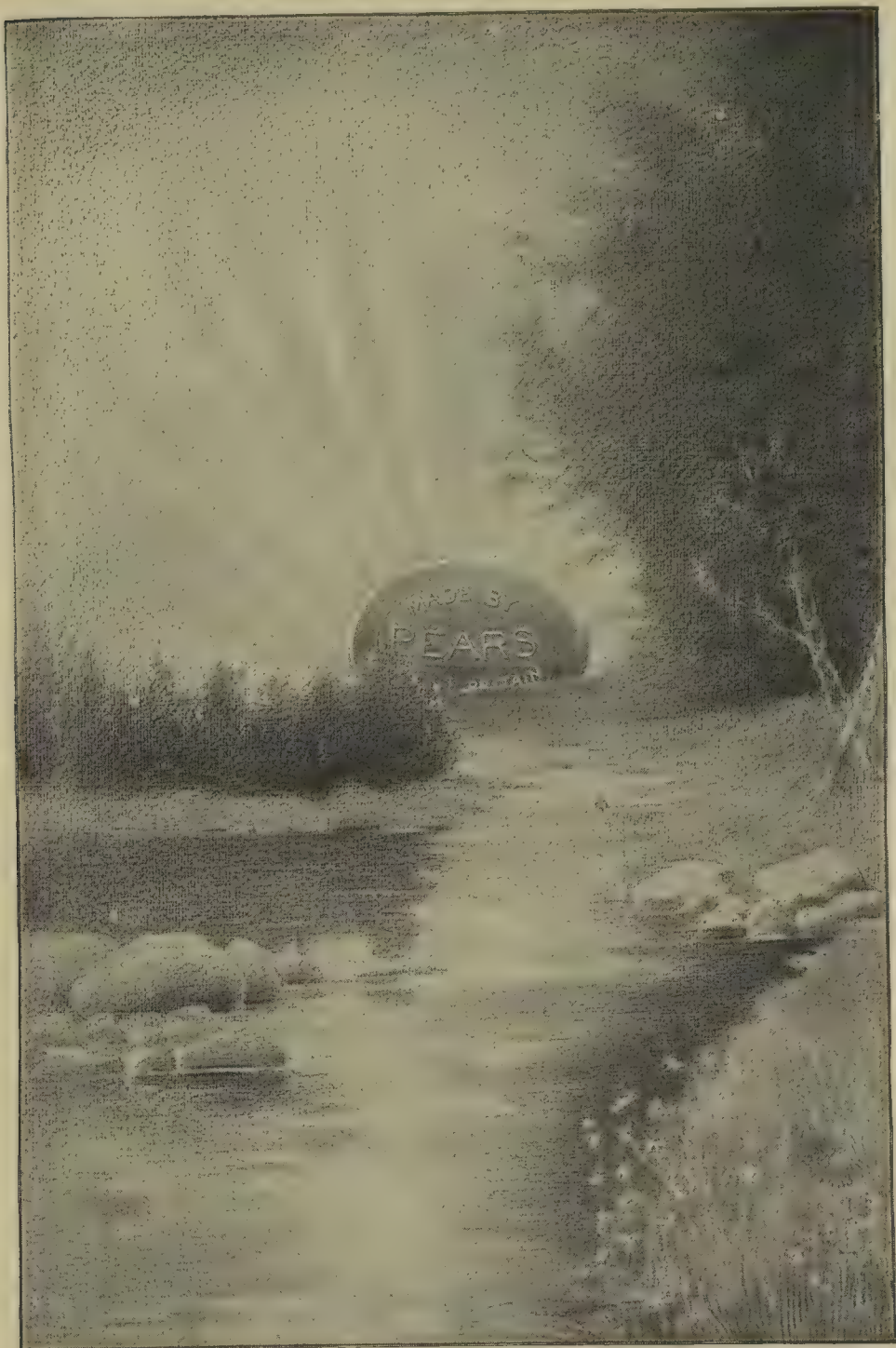


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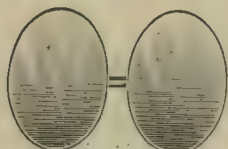
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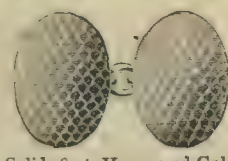
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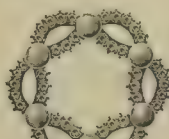
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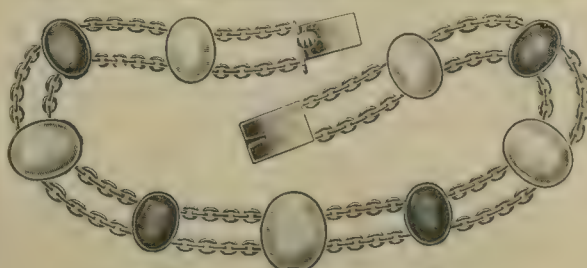
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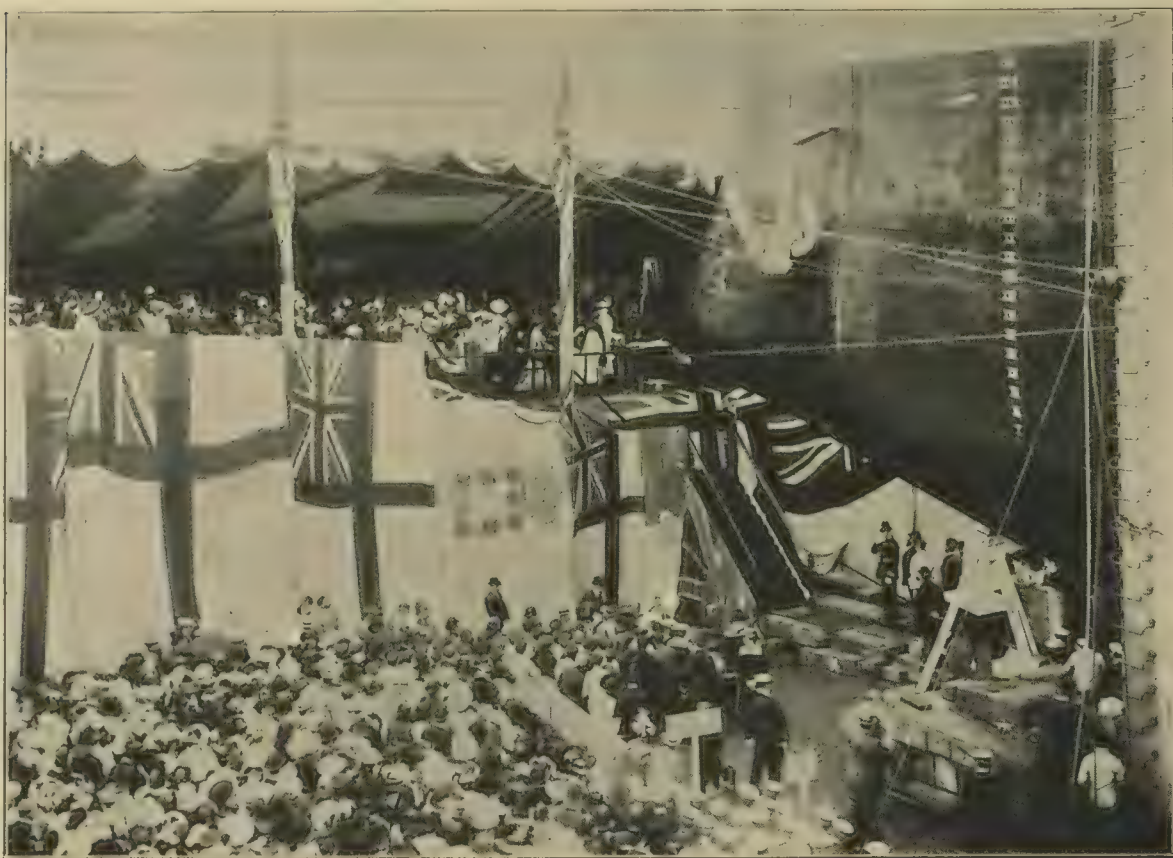


## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London appeared to be much in need of a holiday when he spoke in the grounds of Fulham Palace at the dedication of the new marquee tent of the Church Army's Pioneer Mission. He has fulfilled countless engagements during the season, and he admitted that he had just come from officiating at a wedding, after holding a confirmation service at St. Paul's.

The Bishop of Stepney was the principal speaker at the important meeting held at Lord Brassey's house on behalf of the Oxford House Settlement in Bethnal Green. The mission is appealing for £4000 to enable it to clear off deficits that have accumulated in connection with the work, and to refloor the Excelsior Hall. Bishop Lang said that the great problem of the future is the fate of the 700,000 boys and lads of East London. In a great Northern city a young man between the age of sixteen and twenty-one might learn a trade and make himself proficient at it; but in East London the majority drift into casual employment. It is the aim of Oxford House to reach and touch these boys, and the club system has been very successfully developed.

The Wesleyan Conference has met this year at Camborne,



THE PRINCESS OF WALES LAUNCHING THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "KING EDWARD VII." AT DEVONPORT.

On July 23 the Prince and Princess of Wales were received at the Dockyard by the Superintendent, Rear Admiral Henderson. After the customary religious service, the Princess christened the vessel, and then cut the cord which released the dogshores, whereupon the battle-ship took the water successfully.

Cornwall, and in 1904 it will assemble at Sheffield. The new President, the Rev. Marshall Hartley, is an Islington man and the son of a Wesleyan minister. As a youth he spent a few years in the office of a shipping firm at Hull, and, like the Rev. F. B. Meyer, has a thorough knowledge of business. He has been secretary of the Conference since 1895, and has shown a remarkable organising capacity. As missionary secretary Mr. Hartley has done invaluable service, and has visited many of the foreign stations. He is personally most popular with his brethren, and his inaugural address was much appreciated.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell has been visiting Chicago, which he describes as a city of contrasts. "From the courtesy and refinement of the academic population, we turn to encounter a sordidness, vulgarity and hardness, accurately described in Mr. Stead's well-known book, 'If Christ Came to Chicago.'" Mr. Campbell says he has seen nothing in America, either in New York or Chicago or anywhere else, to compare with the strenuousness of London business life. "The conviction has gradually strengthened with me that Great Britain has no need to fear for a good while yet."

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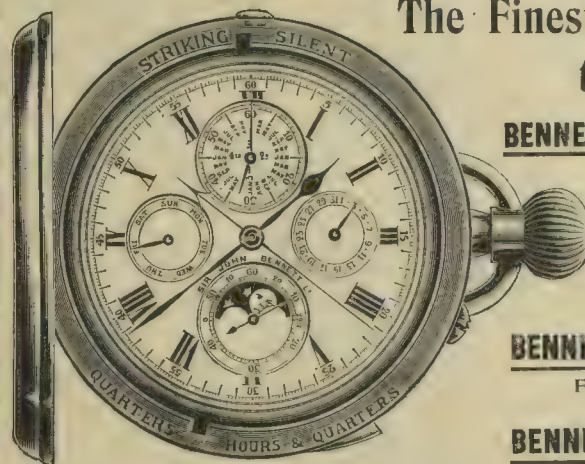
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## BANK HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.

Cheap excursions are to be run by the London and North-Western Railway Company from Euston on Thursday night to towns in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire; on Saturday evening to Birmingham, Wolverhampton, etc., and on Sunday (midnight) to Leamington, Northampton, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Warwick, and Birmingham. Every Wednesday there are excursions to North Wales, every Thursday to Birkenhead, Blackpool, and the Lake District, and every Friday (midnight) and Saturday morning to the Isle of Man.

The North London Railway will run trains every few minutes to and from Shoreditch for the Standard Theatre, and every fifteen minutes to and from Chalk Farm (for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Botanic and Zoological Gardens); to Hackney, in connection (by means of covered gallery) with Great Eastern Suburban trains to Chingford (for Epping Forest, etc.), and Hampstead Heath; also every half-hour to and from Kew Bridge (for Kew Gardens), Earl's Court, and West Brompton for the "International Fire Exhibition"; to South Kensington (for the Imperial Institute and South Kensington and Natural History Museums); with a train service in connection with the Crystal Palace.

The New Palace Steamers announce that on account of the popularity of their present arrangements they will not make any alteration in their sailings for the

Bank Holiday period. The *Royal Sovereign* will sail as usual from Old Swan Pier at 9.20 a.m. for Margate and Ramsgate, and *Koh-i-Noor* at 8.50 a.m. for Southend and Margate; *La Marguerite* on Saturday, Aug. 1, and Sunday, Aug. 2, to Southend and Margate from Tilbury.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that the cheap week-end tickets, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, July 31, or Saturday, Aug. 1, available for return on Sunday, Aug. 2, Monday, Aug. 3, Tuesday, Aug. 4, or Wednesday, Aug. 5; with the exception that tickets to Caister-on-Sea, West Runton, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Woodhall Spa, Yarmouth, Gorleston-on-Sea and Lowestoft, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, Aug. 5, inclusive (if train service admits). Full particulars of fares, trains, etc., and tickets, dated in advance if required, can be obtained at the Companies' stations, town offices, or ticket agencies.

The Great Eastern Railway announce that, in addition to the tourist, fortnightly, Friday or Saturday to Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday tickets, which are issued from Liverpool Street and their other London and suburban stations to the East and North-East Coasts and the Norfolk Broads, they will issue cheap excursion tickets to most of the stations in those districts.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 2, 1896), with two codicils (dated April 24, 1901, and March 25, 1902) of Mr. Edward Woods, C.E., of 45, Onslow Gardens, S.W., and 8, Victoria Street, Westminster, who died on June 14, was proved on July 18 by Arthur Woods, the nephew, Mrs. Mary Jane Barker, the daughter, and John William Rose, the executors, the value of the estate being £128,012. The testator gives £800 to his daughter Lucy Margaret; £300 each to his son Vincent Sidney and his daughter Mrs. Barker; £300 and his practice of a civil engineer to his son Edward Harry; £200 each to his executors; £200 each to the children of his brother Samuel and his sister Mrs. Sewell; an annuity of £50 to his sister Catherine Woods; an annuity of £100 to his sister-in-law Sarah Woods; the household furniture, etc., to his two daughters; £100 each to the British Syrian Mission Schools and Bible Work Office (High Street, Wimbledon) and the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society (Deans Yard); and legacies to persons in his employ and servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth each, in trust, for his four children, one tenth to the children of his deceased son, Frank, and one tenth, in trust, for his said son's widow, Alice Octavia.

The will (dated March 9, 1901) of the Ven. Francis John Mount, late Archdeacon of Chichester, of Burpham



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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

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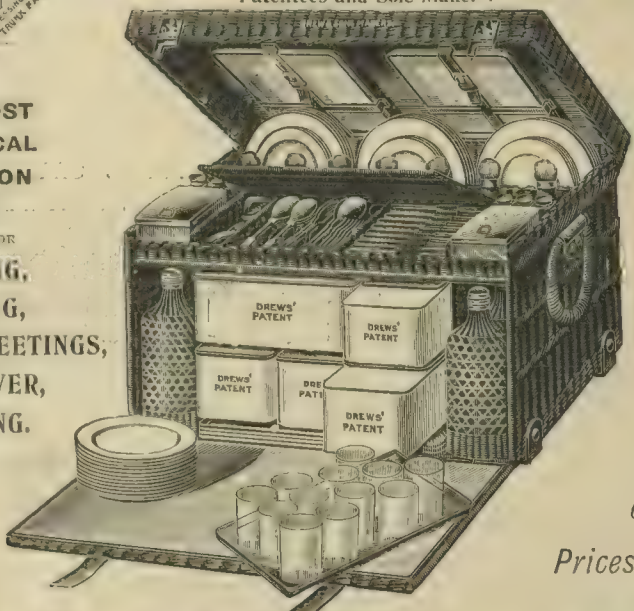


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NEW SYSTEM  
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THE MOST  
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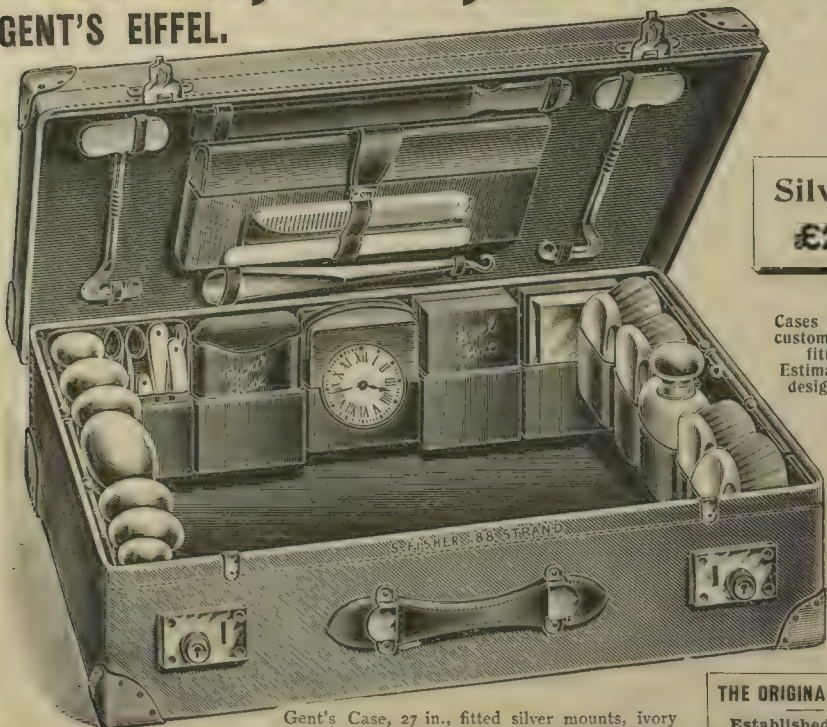
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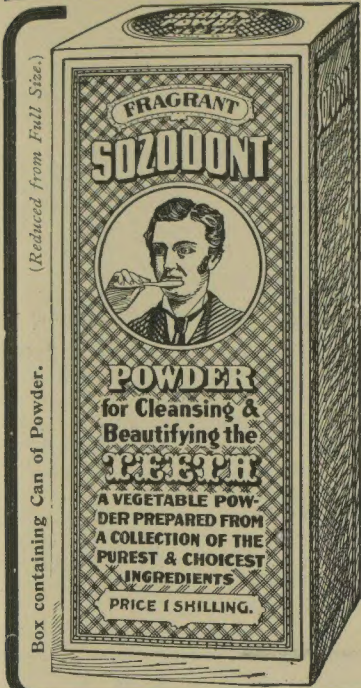
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THE "ICEBERG" BUTTER BOX (Patent)  
KEEPS BUTTER COOL, FRESH, and HARD in the HOTTEST WEATHER. Should be used in every larger as a Butter Safe, and for all purposes of packing and keeping Butter in prime condition. It acts as a refrigerator without ice or chemicals. Made in 12 sizes, for 1 lb. to 50 lb. Prices from 4s. Postage or carriage from 5d. to 2s. To be obtained, with all particulars and testimonials, from:—H.V. ADDISON & CO., Ltd., Manufacturers, Waterloo Works, Wellington Salop; LONDON DEPOT, 141, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; or from the DAIRY SUPPLY CO., Ltd., Museum Street, London, W.C.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
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By appointment  
To His Majesty King Edward VII. and  
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A MARVELLOUS RESTORATIVE OF MOST DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

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"I have submitted to careful chemical analysis a sample of 'Dubonnet Tonic Wine,' and the results obtained are such that I can favourably testify to its unique qualities as a restorative and invigorating Tonic Wine.

"It is of a rich and generous character, possesses an inviting aroma and bouquet, and is eminently palatable and inviting to the taste. I consider that its use will prove invaluable in cases arising from an impaired condition of the nervous system and from poorness of blood, as it contains an admirable combination tonic, digestive, and dietetic properties of a high order. It creates a sound and healthy appetite, relieves depression and languor of spirits, and it is my firm opinion that if taken by those suffering from nervous prostration, physical fatigue, and general debility, the greatest benefit will accrue therefrom.

(Signed) "GRANVILLE H. SHARPE, F.C.S., &c., Analyst,  
"Late Principal of the 'Liverpool College of Chemistry,' Author of 'Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis,' Member of the Society of Chemical Industry."

"12, Knowles Road, Brixton, London."

"I hereby certify that I have carefully examined a sample of 'Dubonnet Tonic Wine,' and find that it is a first-class tonic wine. It stimulates the nervous system, augments the appetite, and accelerates intra-organic oxidation. It is pleasant to the taste, and possesses a delicate bouquet. It is an excellent restorative in muscular and mental fatigue, depression, and general debility. I can conscientiously recommend 'Dubonnet Tonic Wine' to medical men, pharmacists, and the general public.

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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Is perfectly harmless, and  
Delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet  
herbs and plants.  
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.  
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,

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And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using  
**WILSON'S  
COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.**  
A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in  
construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf  
when all other devices fail, and where medical skill  
has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and  
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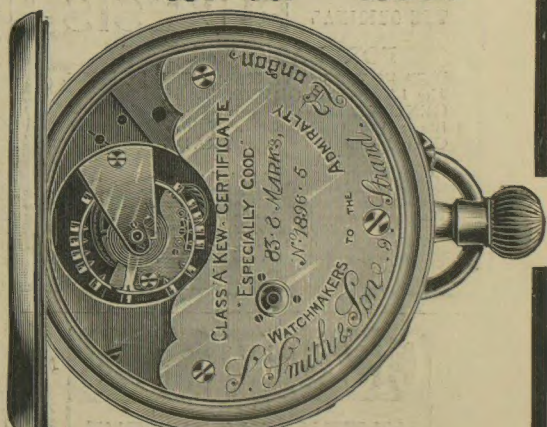
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A TOILET POWDER  
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ROUGHNESS of the  
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Vicarage, near Arundel, who died on May 9, was proved on July 22 by William George Mount, the brother, the value of the estate being £94,258. The testator gives £500 each to the married daughters of his brother; £1000 each to his nephew Francis and his niece Elizabeth Mary; £4000 and the household furniture to his niece Alice; £100 to his brother's wife, Mrs. Marianne Emily Mount; and £100 to Charles Baker Diamond. The residue of his personal estate, except leaseholds, he gives to such of his nieces, Elizabeth Mary, Alice, Winifred, and Evelyn Maria, as shall be spinsters, and his nephew Francis, should he not be in possession of, or immediately expectant to, the settled family estates. All his real and leasehold property he leaves to his nephew, William Arthur Mount, M.P.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1892) of Mr. William Henry Verner, of Cumberlands, Kenley, Surrey, who died at Nice on May 30, was proved on July 18 by Frederic Thomas Verner, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £88,452. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to his sisters, Agnes Selina and Alice Clara, and the survivor of them; and £300 and, during her widowhood, the use of his residence, with the furniture, etc., and the income from one half of his property, or of one quarter should she again marry, to his wife Mrs. Catherine Louise Verner. Subject

thereto, he leaves all his property to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated July 5, 1899) with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1902) of Mr. Richard William Drew, of Bletchingly House, Bletchingly, Surrey, and Meadfoot Lodge, Torquay, who died on May 22, was proved on July 15 by Harvey Richard Drew, and Geoffrey Harvey Drew, the sons, and the Rev. William Starey, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £48,699. Subject to the gift of the household furniture, etc., to his four daughters, and of £100 to the Rev. William Starey, the testator leaves all his property, in trust, for his six children.

The will (dated May 20, 1901), with two codicils (dated Aug. 28, 1901, and June 3, 1903), of Mr. Haigh Richardson, of Springfield Lodge, 240, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, who died on June 19, was proved on July 16, by Thomas Roberts Richardson, the son, Arthur Richardson, the nephew, and William Robert Honey, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £30,729. The testator bequeaths the household effects to his wife, Mrs. Jessie Lloyd Richardson; an annuity of £100 to her sister, Hannah Elizabeth; £5000 in trust for his daughter Jessie; £2000 to his son; and £100 each to Arthur Richardson and William Robert Honey. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children and their issue.

The will (dated July 4, 1902) of Mr. Francis Greville Prideaux, of 22, Woburn Square, who died on May 26, has been proved by Miss Mary Valetta Prideaux, the daughter, Noblett Surridge Ruddock, and William Marshall Venning, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £30,096. The testator gives the household furniture and £1000 to his daughter; £1000 each to his brother, the Rev. Walter Cross Prideaux, and Emma Heaton; £500 each to Alice Margaret Hannay and Julia Hornblower Cock; £100 to Mr. Ruddock; £300 to William M. Venning; £200 each to his sister-in-law, Catherine Elizabeth Prideaux, and her four children; and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his daughter.

The will (dated May 9, 1890) with two codicils (dated Nov. 1, 1890, and March 25, 1903) of Mr. Sophocles Theologo, of Wolsey Grange, Esher, who died on May 28, was proved on July 23 by Miss Polyxena Theologo, the sister, Xenophon Theologo, the brother, and Richard Cobbett and Joseph William Ellis, the executors, the value of the property being £29,772. His wife, Mrs. Eliza Theologo being provided for by settlement, he gives to her £1000. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one half thereof, in trust, for the purchase of an annuity for his sister, and the other half, in trust, for her, for life, and then as she shall appoint.

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BRIGADE"  
HAND  
FIRE PUMP.

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**"CANADIAN CLUB"**  
WHISKY—  
THE EXCISE DEPT.  
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over the capsule of every bottle.  
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THE ORIGINAL **EUXESIS**  
FOR EASY SHAVING.  
WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP, WATER, OR BRUSH.  
The Label of the ORIGINAL and  
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Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow  
Ground, and bears this TRADE  
MARK—  
R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd., the Proprietors,  
bought the business, with the receipt, trade mark, and  
goodwill, from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd.  
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**CIGARES de JOY**  
JOY'S CIGARETTES  
IMMEDIATELY RELIEVE  
**ASTHMA**  
WHEEZING & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.  
50 years success 2/6 Box 35.  
WILCOX, 49 HAYMARKET, S.W.  
AND ALL CHEMISTS.

Section.—Arrows show course taken by smoke. Suction creates vacuum in chamber under detachable cup; smoke filters in by atmospheric pressure, deposits nicotine, and is drawn off cool and pure at next whiff.

"SOMETHING SENSIBLE AT LAST!"

The **'URN' Pipe**  
Patent  
Perfectly Practical. Practically Perfect.

**COOL FACTS.**

Though simplicity itself, the scientific construction of this pipe renders it absolutely, beyond dispute, the coolest, driest, sweetest, cleanest, healthiest, most economical and delightful smoker ever invented. Experts declare there never has been, is not, and never will be anything to equal it. Delighted smokers everywhere enthusiastically praise it. Easily cleaned by removing the cup. No plugs or refills. No trouble. No expense. Pleasure increased. Health protected.

The **'URN' PATENT PIPE CO.** (Dept. A.),  
REGENT HOUSE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

OPINION OF A WELL-KNOWN GENTLEMAN.

188, Strand, W.C., May 9, 1903.

Dear Sirs,—It is with great pleasure that I bear testimony to the remarkable qualities of the "URN" Pipe. I have for years endeavoured to smoke a pipe trying everything advertised that I know of, but without success, until I smoked the "URN." It is beautifully cool and sweet, and its use in a very short time has saved me pounds by way of expenditure on cigars.—Yours very truly  
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PRICE (free by post), "Ten-and-Six" (10/6). Bull-dog shape, first quality, biter, hand-cut vulcanite mouthpiece, silver mount.

THE BEST SHOPS KEEP IT.

FEE 60 GUINEAS.

**SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"**  
LIVERPOOL  
FOR TRAINING  
YOUNG GENTLEMEN  
TO BECOME OFFICERS  
IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY.  
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Black Handle ... .. 5/6	Kropp Strop Paste ... .. 6d.
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A PAIR IVORY HANDLE RAZORS	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving
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MADE OF SPECIALLY PREPARED RUSSIA LEATHER AND CANVAS FOR HOLLOW-GROUND RAZORS.

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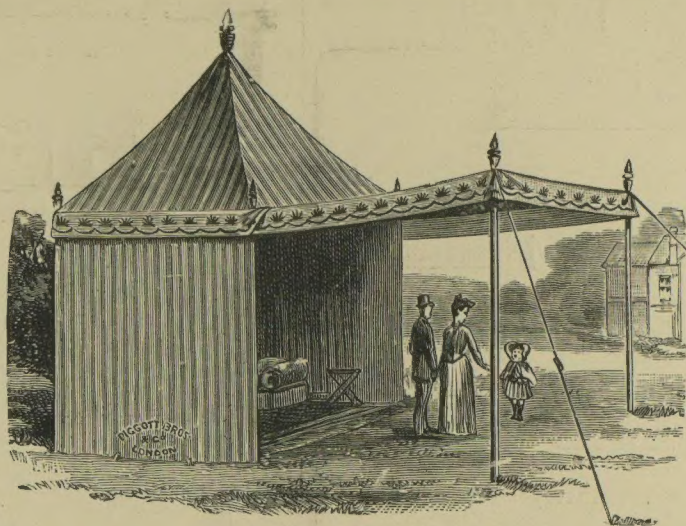
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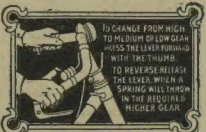
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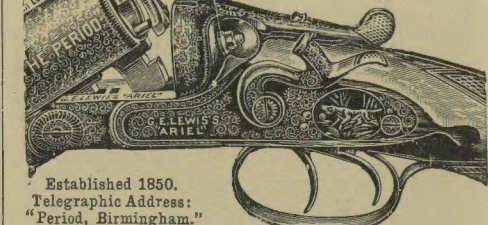
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